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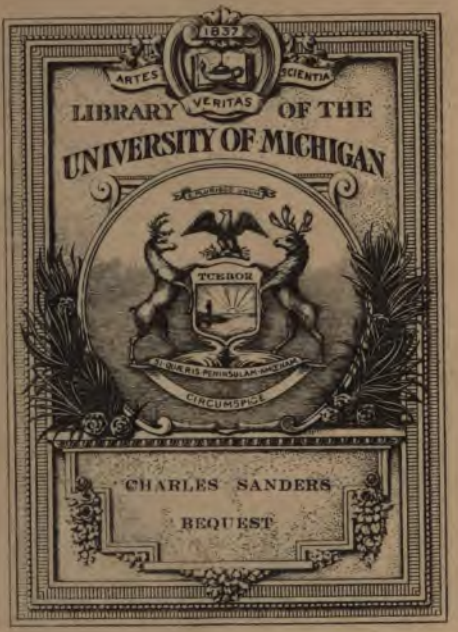
Detroit, Mich.
1884–1900.



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MEMOIRS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

WITH

A COLLECTION

OF HIS GENUINE

BON-MOTS, ANECDOTES, OPINIONS, &c.

MOSTLY ORIGINAL.

AND

THREE OF HIS DRAMATIC PIECES,

Not published in his Works.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

By WILLIAM COOKE, Esq.

"A merrier man
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begat occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one did catch,
The other turn'd to a mirth-moving jest."

SHAKSPEARE.

London:
PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,
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1805.

PRINTED BY JOYCE GOLD, SHOE LANE.

MEMOIRS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE.

BON-MOTS, CHARACTERS, OPINIONS, &c.

[CXCIII continued.]

Otway's Orphan.

THE plot of this celebrated tragedy, though generally supposed to be invented by the author, is taken from a fact related in a very scarce pamphlet (of which, I believe, only two copies are now to be found) entitled *English Adventures*, published in 1667. The following are the particulars:—

The father of *Charles Brandon*, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons; and a

young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child.

This lady, being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed-chamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself (thinking it a mere intrigue). Unfortunately, he succeeded.

On a discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning.

Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his

estates; when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Henry VIII), who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers; where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjoining thicket: he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger;

and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, Queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the Duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter showed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publicly took that occasion both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are *there any of you,* my Lords, who can say as

much ?" When the King subjoined these words, (says the historian,) he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from the *fact* related in this pamphlet; but to avoid perhaps interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old Duchess-dowager, in showing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.

The same.

The character of *Antonio* in the above play (an old debauched senator, raving about *plots* and political intrigues) is supposed to have been intended for that celebrated but turbulent character, *Anthony* the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Jealous Wife.

When the elder Colman had nearly finished this comedy, he laid it before Garrick, as a friend, for inspection. The latter was much pleased with it in general: yet saw, from his intimate knowledge of stage effect, that there wanted a second character in the piece, to support the firmness of the husband; who, though drawn as a sensible man of the world, is evidently in the trammels of his wife.

Colman instantly agreed in the justness of the remark, took back the play, and added the part of *Major Oakly*, which now makes so conspicuous a figure in it.

The hint of this character he took from the portrait of Tom Meggot, in No. 212 and 216 of the Spectator, both papers written by Sir Richard Steele. To these Colman stands likewise much indebted for the conduct of the two brothers; particularly for the quarrel in the last act, which is principally taken from No. 216.

These little circumstances, however, must

be considered as mere hints, to things of which sort most dramatic writers are indebted. The play as it now stands is evidently all Colman's own; from his manner of adoption, arrangement, &c.: and ranks (as it deservedly ought) as a comedy of the first distinction for genius and observation.

Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr.

Though no man respected the general talents of Dryden more than Foote did, he was too good a judge of dramatic writing, not to censure most of the plays of this celebrated poet. The licentiousness of the age of Charles the Second showed itself in no one instance more strongly than in the theatre. Dryden paid a large tribute to this profligacy of manners; as may be exemplified in a great number of his plays, but perhaps in none so much as in his tragedy of *Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr.*

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The hero of this piece is the emperor Maximin; a monster of such cruelty, caprice, and impiety, as should scarcely be looked

on in the pages of history. It is true, Dryden has told us in his preface, that "he has only drawn him for *detestation*;" but he should have known (if not intoxicated with the vices and caprices of the age he lived in), that as in inanimate nature there are objects too indelicate for public developement, so there are characters in life too singularly vicious to be brought forward as examples.

But that my readers may judge for themselves, I shall select from this tragedy the speech which *Maximin* makes on the death of his daughter; which Foote, in a fit of merriment, has often repeated with a degree of drollery equal to the exhibition of any of his comic characters.

What had ye, gods, to do with me, or mine?
Did I molest your heaven?
Why should you then make Maximin your foe;
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown,
For which you lean'd your hungry nostrils down;

All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you, for this, those plagues on me have sent.
But, by the gods,—by Maximin, I meant,—
Henceforth I, and my world,
Hostility with you, and yours, declare:
Look to it, gods; for you the aggressors are.
Keep you your rain and sun-shine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice;
Your *trade* of heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

Who could have libelled Dryden more than he has done himself by this impious and ridiculous speech?

The Provoked Husband.

This comedy, which Vanbrugh so happily conceived, and which Cibber has more happily still connected and continued, is little known in its rudiments.

Manly in the present comedy, was an uncle of *Squire Richard* in the sketch; who, speaking of families, says, "It is a settled foundation point in all great families,

that every child shall be a beggar but the first, and *he* shall be a fool."

Sir Francis Headpiece, the *Sir Francis Wronghead* of the present play, is represented as two-and-forty years of age; and his character is drawn by the Butler in the following words: "He has drunk thirty-two tons of ale."

The *Townlys* in the present play, were in the sketch *Lord* and *Lady Loverule:* and their conduct and contentions were pretty much the same as at present, except in the fifth act; where Cibber has, with great taste and dramatic effect, recalled the lady's heart to a sense of her conjugal duties, as well as showed her the frivolities and miseries of her former conduct. This last act is entirely Cibber's own. He likewise simplified the business in the body of the play, by uniting *uncle Richard* and *Sir Charles* in the person of *Manly,* as well as by skilfully retouching the whole of the other four acts.

The critics of that day, led on by the personal animosities of Pope and some of

his friends (who detested Cibber), took up the posthumous honour of Vanbrugh with great heat; and insisted that Cibber had spoiled the original sketches by blending *his own brothers* (the *Wrongheads*) with the high bred characters of *Lord* and *Lady Townly*, which belonged to Vanbrugh. This malicious assertion was very nearly fatal to this excellent comedy on the first night of its representation; till Cibber fully proved its falsity, to the disappointment and shame of its malevolent authors.

The Clandestine Marriage.

It is generally thought that Garrick and Colman, who wrote this very pleasant comedy, were indebted only to a hint from Hogarth's *Marriage à-la-mode;* but it appears they had other obligations, which they never acknowledged, from a farce called *False Concord* (written by Mr. Townley, author of *High Life below Stairs*, and acted for Woodward's benefit). This farce contains three remarkable characters; *Lord Lavender, Mr. Suds* a rich soap-boiler, and

a *pert valet:* which are almost the exact counterparts of *Lord Ogleby, Mr. Sterling,* and *Brush,* in *The Clandestine Marriage.*

CXCIV. *Betterton.*

Archbishop Sancroft once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary,* as if they were *real;* while we in the church speak of things *real,* which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary?*"—"Why, really, my Lord," said Betterton, "I don't know; except it is, that we actors speak of things imaginary *as if* they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real *as if* they were imaginary."

CXCV. *The Pleasure of paying our Debts.*

"What a pleasure it is to pay our debts! It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of

a specific happiness. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and is a measure which we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of reputation."

A person making the above reflections before Foote, he, with that air of ridicule and promptitude of mind for which he was so eminently distinguished, begged the company would hear the other side of the question, namely:—

The Advantages of not paying our Debts.

"This pre-supposes a person to be a man of fortune; otherwise he would not

gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expense of keeping accounts; and makes other people *work*, in order to give ourselves *repose*. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice, and encourages generosity; as people are commonly more liberal of others' goods than of their own: while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive Christianity, which would live in a constant *communion of all property*.

"In short, it draws the *inquiries* and *attention* of the world on us while we live, and makes us *sincerely regretted* when we die."

CXCVI. *Dr. Monsey.*

Dr. Messenger Monsey, who was a leading man for wit and humour during more than half a century, was patronized by the late Lord Godolphin, the son of Queen Anne's treasurer; and by him presented, on the death of Dr. Smart, to the place of physician to Chelsea College.

He was acquainted with most of the wits

and *literati* of his day: and of course with Foote and Garrick; at whose tables he often circulated the laugh: whether *at* or *with* the parties, it was indifferent to him;—mirth and pleasure were the order of the day, and they were to be provided at whatever expense.

Of his origin the Doctor used to give the following humorous account; which he did, not so much for the sake of merely stating a whimsical fact, as to humble the arrogant folly of those who would claim a peculiar degree of merit from the adventitious circumstance of family connexions.

"The first of my ancestors," said he, "of any note, was a *baker* and *dealer in hops*; which two trades just enabled him, with some difficulty, to support a large family.

"Having a pressing occasion for a temporary sum, he robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years afterwards, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear. His hoarded treasure was applied to:

the contents were ripped out, and a good round sum was procured for them; though in a plentiful season they would not have been marketable. Thus," added the Doctor, "our family *hopped* into the world from obscurity."

CXCVII. *The same.*

Monsey living the friend of all hours with Lord Godolphin, he used to tell many anecdotes as related by that nobleman; and among others the following one, relative to his grandmother Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

In a conversation which Lady Sunderland had with her mother the Duchess, the former observed: "In all the torrent of abuse poured out on your Grace, your worst enemies have never called you a faithless wife." —"It was no great merit," said the Duchess, as she was turning over the papers afterwards sent to Mallet for her husband's history; "it was no great merit; for I had the handsomest, the most accomplished, and bravest man in Europe, for my husband."—

"Yet, Madam, you don't say that he was without faults?" replied Lady Sunderland. —"By no means: I knew them better than he did himself, or even than I do my own. He came back one day from my poor misled mistress Queen Anne (I believe when he resigned his commission), and said he had told her, that he thanked God, with all his faults, neither *avarice* nor *ambition* could be laid to his charge.

"When he told me this," continued she, "though not in a laughing humour, I bit my tongue almost through to prevent my smiling in his face."

CXCVIII. *The same.*

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor's neighbourhood, a *petit maître* lord of his acquaintance sent him a very formal letter, interdicting all visits to the family during this *influenza*—a correspondence by letter his Lordship barely admitted, but even this letter was to pass quarantine for a night and a day. If the Doctor passed him in riding out, the glasses of his Lordship's coach

were closely shut up; and a mere waving of the hands was the only personal civility that passed between these *intimate* friends for seven months.

One day, meeting the Doctor on the road suddenly, the peer exclaimed, "My dear Monsey, to tell you the truth, we are *afraid* of you just at this time, you come from so many *sick* rooms."—"And you, my Lord," cried Monsey, "produce the very *reverse* effect upon me; as, when I see you, you make me *sick*, but never *afraid*."

CXCIX. *The same.*

"So you are one of the venal electors of ———," said Monsey to a man whom he knew to have been bribed at an election. "I never had that disorder *in my life*," said the man, mistaking the word *venal* for one of a somewhat similar sound.—"Then you had a worse *in your hand* to my knowledge."

CC. *The same.*

Dining with Garrick in company with

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Browne (author of Barbarossa, &c.), Monsey was rather grave. "Why so much out of spirits, Doctor?" said Garrick.—"Oh! he is afraid of Dr. Warburton," said Browne.—"Afraid of him!" said Monsey, looking indignantly at both; "no: I may be dull to-day, for how can it be otherwise from the effect of *this conversation?* but I assure you I am not afraid of Dr. Warburton, nor of his man *Jack* either."

CCI. *The same.*

Leonidas Glover having married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, soon after retired to the country for a few months without the knowledge of his friends and acquaintance.

"Have you seen Glover since his marriage?" said a lady: "I fear he is lost."—"I hope not, Madam," said Monsey, "though 'tis not impossible that, like his hero, he may have perished *in the Straits of Thermopylæ.*"

CCII. *The same.*

The late Duke of G—— was said to be mean enough to postpone paying Dr. Monsey for a long attendance upon him and his family, by the promise of a little place at Windsor.

"I take the liberty to call upon your Grace," said Monsey one morning to him, "to tell you that this little place is at last vacant."—"Ecod!" (a favourite word of the Duke's), "and so it is, my dear Monsey; I know it: but, confound it! the Chamberlain has been just with me to tell me he has promised it to Jack ———."

On this the Doctor retired rather disappointed; when meeting the Chamberlain next day, and lamenting his ill luck, his Lordship stared at him, and asked him whether he could keep a secret. Then, putting a folded paper into his hand, "There," says he, "is a letter in his Grace's own hand, soliciting this very place for *another* person."

CCIII. *The same.*

Sir Robert Walpole used to spend much of his leisure hours with Monsey; who was his neighbour at Chelsea, and whom he used to call his merry Norfolk Doctor.

The Minister was fond of billiards; but at this game the Doctor very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert in one of his social hours, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but you, Doctor?"—"Because," said Monsey, "they get *places;* I get only a dinner and praise."

CCIV. *The same.*

A popular young Clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was at times infected with a solemn theatric mode of speaking, accompanied with a mincing gesture bordering on the coxcomb. This foible did not escape the eye of the Doctor; who knew his general merit, and thought him worth reclaiming. He therefore took the first opportunity, when they were alone,

to tell him of his faults, with a friendly offer to cure him. The proposal being as readily accepted of by the Clergyman, it was agreed, that whenever the Doctor saw the *affectio dramatica* coming on, he should offer him his snuff-box by way of signal, and give two smart raps on the lid.

The prescription, after some time, had the desired effect. The *patient* had the good sense to know the value of such an intellectual physician, and he acknowledges the cure with gratitude even to this day.

CCV. *The same.*

Another Clergyman, a near neighbour of Monsey's, but of a different description from the former, was in the habit of contradicting him without either learning or judgment, and often without a single idea to support his argument. "If you have any faith in your opinion," said the Doctor one day, not condescending to use any other argument; "will you venture a small wager on it?"—"I could, but I won't," was the answer.—"Then by your own confession,"

replied the other, "you have very little wit, or very little money."

CCVI. *The same.*

Though Monsey lived in intimacy with Garrick at the theatre, and at a variety of private tables, Garrick was not very fond of asking him to his house; and the reason he gave for it was, to use his own words, "that the Doctor was so great a blackguard, he could not be sure of him a moment." On his promising however to behave better for the future, Garrick ventured to ask him to meet a large party of Right Honourables and fashionables at his house in Southampton-street; where Monsey figured for some time with his usual wit and pleasantry, very much to the pleasure and entertainment of the company.

At the second course, the Doctor wished for a piece of a roasted chicken, which was at the upper end of the table; and calling for it to no purpose several times to Mrs. Garrick, who happened to be engaged in talking to some noble Lord at her elbow, he

at last, raising his voice, exclaimed aloud, "You little confounded toad, will you, or will you not, send me a wing, leg, bit of the breast, rump, or merry-thought, of one of those chickens?"

The company, knowing the Doctor's peculiarity of humour, laughed at this; but Garrick's pride was hurt to the quick, in feeling himself so cavalierly treated before so many noble personages.

CCVII. *The same.*

The above story getting wind, and the laugh continuing against Garrick, he determined to have his revenge, which he contrived in the following manner:—Getting Monsey to spend a day with him at Hampton-court, when there were none present but Mrs. Garrick and another in the secret, he carelessly asked him in the course of conversation, how he liked his last performance of *Ranger*?—"Oh! admirably well," was the answer: "you never played it with more health and spirits."—"Well, see there now, Mrs. Garrick! You would persuade

me it would not do, and that the town would smoke me, and yet you see here so good a judge as Dr. Monsey could not find out the difference."—"The difference!" said Monsey, in surprise; "why, what the deuce does all this mean?"—"Why, to tell you the truth, my dear friend (but you must promise me to keep it a profound secret), as I begin to feel myself not so alert as formerly in the young sprightly parts of comedy, I have instructed Dagger Marr* to be my representative in the ladder-scene, and others where there is little or no speaking, which saves me a great deal of trouble; and it is amazing how, by the advantages of dress, imitation, &c., the fellow has caught my manner, so that I can scarcely perceive the difference myself."—"You astonish me," said the Doctor, catching the bait; "why, I could not see a shade of difference. But it can't be; you're *humming* me, David."—"No indeed," replied Mrs.

* An inferior player of Drury-lane; who received this appellation from his boasting that he could play the *dagger* scene in Macbeth better than Garrick, if he would *only* lend him his eyes.

Garrick, "it is too true: but my dear Doctor, be secret; for if the public should once know it, I am afraid they will revenge it not only on poor Mr. Garrick, but upon the house, wardrobe, scenery, &c."

This was enough for Monsey. Next morning he ran about all Chelsea, telling the news; and the day after, in every corner about London where he could thrust himself, with all the circumstances of Garrick's meanness, indolence, contempt of the public, &c. But the story was too gross to gain a single believer besides himself. Every body laughed at him, and said it was a palpable imposition. Irritated at this, he flew to Garrick for a justification; but Garrick was now prepared to laugh at him in common with the rest, by telling him that "he was very sorry to see his understanding so far upon the decline, as to be duped in so obvious a manner."—"Well," said Monsey, somewhat abashed at finding himself thus outwitted, "I don't think, David, you alone could deceive me; but the seeming flat simplicity of that little witch of a

wife of yours, I must confess, has fairly taken me in."

CCVIII. *The same.*

When Garrick first introduced Dr. Monsey to Murphy, after the success of that gentleman's farce called *The Upholsterer*, the Doctor, as soon as he was admitted at the street-door, ran directly up stairs to the top of the house. "Why, where the deuce are you going?" said Garrick.—"Up to the poet's chamber, to be sure," replied Monsey: "did not you tell me that he lodged here; and where should a poet's chamber be but in the garret?"—"Pooh, pooh, man! Mr. Murphy is in the drawing-room."—"Oh! then I suppose the Captain's out of town," said Monsey, entering the room, "and you have taken this opportunity of seeing company in his apartments. Well! it is a fair deception enough, and not totally undramatic."

Murphy, having been previously acquainted with the Doctor's character, joined in the

laugh; and they spent an hour or two very agreeably. At last Monsey, looking at his watch, cried out, "Well, I have now seen enough of the poet. I'll go from hence to Exeter Change, then to the tall woman at Charing-cross, thence to the *menagerie* in the Haymarket; and then I think I shall have done with *exhibitions* for this day."

CCIX. *The same.*

The first acquaintance which Dr. Monsey had with Garrick, was occasioned by the following circumstance:—

Monsey attended at the Old Bailey to hear some remarkable trial; and going late, was obliged to stand about the dock. In the crowd a tall man stood just before him, who totally prevented him from seeing. Monsey several times requested of him to move his head a little to the right or left, that he might just look at the prisoner: but in vain; the other made no answer, and looked down on him with contempt. This irritated the Doctor so much, that he ex-

claimed: "Well! if I did not feel myself a coward, Mr. Brobdignag, I would most certainly knock you down."

The latter part of this sentence Monsey did not recollect to have said; but Garrick, who heard the story, and at that time was not personally acquainted with Monsey, invented it: "And this anticipation of my *real character,*" said the Doctor, "first induced me to become known to him."

CCX. *The same.*

When Gulliver's Travels first came out, a copy was sent by a friend to Monsey; who opening the book by accident in the middle, was so captivated with the novelty and strength of mind of the author, that he read on from that point to the end. He then thought of going to *sleep:* but his curiosity was too strong to suffer this; and he again took up the book, and read from the beginning to the part at which he first set out.

CCXI. *The same.*

The Doctor meeting Garrick one morning in the Strand in rather a pensive mood, asked him what he was thinking of. "Thinking of?" said Garrick, as if roused from his reverie: "I was thinking what a fool I have been through life; scratching up money here and there, morning and night, and all for whom? why, for George and his children, who may make ducks and drakes of it."—"And why don't you do as I do?" said Monsey; "spend your money yourself, save your executors the trouble, and be your own heir."—"And so I will," cried Garrick;—"with a courage," said Monsey in telling the story, "that at the time I thought natural: but, alas! turning the corner of Southampton-street, he unfortunately met with the *ghost of a farthing*, and all his boasted resolution vanished into air *."

* This anecdote has been attributed to Macklin, Foote, and others; but is here given on the authority of himself, who often told the story.

CCXII. *The same.*

It was remarkable in Mrs. Garrick, who was always reckoned a very sensible woman, and chargeable with very few weaknesses, that she imagined she spoke the English language very correctly, though the contrary (from her being a foreigner) was notorious. One day, coming to town from Hampton-court with Dr. Monsey, she teased him so much on this subject, that on his telling the story afterwards to her husband, he said "he had a great mind to get out of the coach, and walk from Turnham-green to town."—"Pooh!" said Garrick, "you should have understood her better. But I will give you a fresh instance of her folly on this point:—She was lately at an auction of linens (for you know my wife loves bargains); and having a piece knocked down to her, the auctioneer asked her what name he should set down. '*Petty* Price,' said she; meaning one of our servants' names, from not choosing to draw

the gaze of the room on her by giving her own. 'A *petty price*, Madam!' said the auctioneer; 'well, since you think so, you will have it in your power to bid higher for the next lot; but in the meantime, Madam, I shall be obliged to you for your name.'— '*Petty* Price,' continued my wife: and in short so she would have continued to the end of the chapter, but for some good-natured person near her; who, observing her mistake, bawled out 'Betty Price.'"

Mrs. Garrick, as Germans generally do, sounded the letter B like a P: which led her into many mistakes; and, by her husband's constantly laying traps for her, would induce her to say very odd and laughable things. But all could not cure her of the foible mentioned above.

CCXIII. *The same.*

The long intimacy between Doctor Monsey and Garrick, during which they contributed much to their own amusement and much to that of their mutual friends, was at

last broken off by a frivolous circumstance; which Garrick should have laughed at, as coming from such a man as Monsey.

The incident was this. A gentleman in a mixed company asserted, that to his certain knowledge, Garrick meant to quit the stage very shortly. "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side and pile on the other *." This was industriously reported to Garrick, with exaggerations; which induced him to send the Doctor an anonymous letter, wherein, after sharply reproving him for the licence of his tongue, he concluded with the well-known quotation from Horace:

"*Absentem qui rodit amicum*," &c.

Monsey, however, continued his sallies against Garrick's parsimony; and, during Garrick's last illness, thinking it to be only a temporary complaint, had begun some

* A proverbial expression in Norfolk.

stanzas on the occasion, the two following of which are alone preserved:—

"*Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.*"

Seven wise physicians lately met,
To save a wretched sinner;
"Come, Tom," says Jack, "pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner."

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which—

Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover:
"Let's give him something," each man said;
"Why, e'en let's *give* him *over*."

Upon Garrick's death, Monsey's friends wanted him to publish this piece; but he revolted at such a proceeding, and said, "No: had he lived, I would have gone on with the laugh; but he had too much talent, and too many good qualities about him, for us not to let his little frailties lie quiet in the grave."

CCXIV. *The same.*

During the quarrel above mentioned, the late Marquis of Bath wished to reconcile the parties; but Monsey avoided this by saying, "As for my part, I am much obliged to you, my Lord, for thinking of me; but why will your Lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a *Merry Andrew* and a *Quack?*"

CCXV. *Gibbon, the Historian.*

It was neatly enough said by Mr. Porson the Greek professor of Cambridge, speaking of Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, "That in some passages he drew the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

CCXVI. *Pope.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell the following anecdote relative to Pope:—When Reynolds was a young man, he was present at an auction of very scarce pictures, which attracted a great crowd of *connoisseurs* and

others; when, in the moment of a very interesting piece being put up, Mr. Pope entered the room. All was in an instant, from a scene of confusion and bustle, a dead calm. The auctioneer, as if by instinct, suspended his hammer. The audience, to an individual, as if by the same impulse, rose up to receive the poet; and did not resume their seats till he had reached the upper end of the room.

CCXVII. *The same.*

A still greater mark of respect was shown to him by Frederick Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness did him the honour of dining with him at Twickenham; when the poet, perhaps exerting himself too much on the occasion, fell fast asleep immediately after dinner. Lord Bolingbroke, confounded at this circumstance, wished to wake him; but the Prince, with great condescension, prevented him, by saying: "No, no, my Lord; we should accommodate ourselves to the infirmities of such a man as Mr. Pope."

CCXVIII. *Dr. Johnson.*

Soon after Garrick's purchase at Hampton-court, he was showing Dr. Johnson the grounds, the house, Shakspeare's temple, &c.; and concluded by asking him, "Well, Doctor; how do you like all this?" —"Why, it is pleasant enough," growled the Doctor, "for the present; but all these things, David, make death very terrible."

CCXIX. *The same.*

At another time, on Garrick's showing him a magnificent library full of books in most elegant bindings, the Doctor began running over the volumes in his usual coarse and negligent manner; which was, by opening the book so wide as almost to break the back of it; and then flung them down one by one on the floor with contempt.—"Zounds!" said Garrick, who was in tortures all this time; "why, what are you about there? You'll spoil all my books!"—

"No, Sir," cried Johnson; "I have done nothing but treat a pack of *silly plays* in *fops' dresses* just as they deserve, but *I see no books.*"

CCXX. *Mrs. Ch——y.*

Mrs. Ch——y, having subscribed for forty copies of Dr. Johnson's Shakspeare, told Mr. Murphy that she wished to pay the money into the Doctor's own hands, for the pleasure of being introduced to him. A day was accordingly appointed; and they called upon Johnson, who at this time lived in Gray's-inn, about one o'clock. They rapped at the outer door of his chambers for some time: but no person appearing, they were on the point of going away, when they heard somebody bustling towards the door; which, when opened, exhibited the Doctor just risen from his bed, in his shirt, without a night-cap, and in his hand a certain utensil, which (from some unaccountable absence of mind) he carried steadily before him. Startled at such a sight, the

lady wished to retire; but the Doctor, with great *sang froid*, desired them to step into the next room till he was dressed, and then very deliberately walked back to his bed-chamber.

CCXXI. *Garrick.*

When Garrick was a boy, on his dining at Dr. Warburton's table with his father, he was asked to take a glass of wine; which, as he was not used to it at his own house, he declined, and said he would rather have a glass of beer.—"No, no, young gentleman," cried the Doctor; "take your wine: people who drink beer, generally *think beer.*"

CCXXII. *The Honey Moon.*

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied; and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text:—"And let there be abundance of peace, ***while the moon endureth.***"

CCXXIII. *Antipathies.*

[A conversation piece.]

Henry III. of France could not stay in the room where there was a *cat;* though so immoderately fond of *dogs,* that the Duke de Sully says, on his first audience he had a basket full of young puppies suspended by a black string from his neck, and was playing with them all the time of the conference.

The Duke d'Epernon would faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert could not endure a wild boar, nor a sucking pig. Ulidislas, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Nor could Erasmus even smell fish without being greatly agitated.

Scaliger trembled at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him, when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at the eclipse of the moon; and Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock.

James I. could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Kenelm Digby tells

us, "that the King's hand shook so much in knighting him, that he would have run the point of the sword into his eye, if the Duke of Buckingham had not directed it to his shoulder."

La Motte de Vayer could not endure music, but delighted in thunder. An Englishman in the seventeenth century was near expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him; and a Spaniard, about the same period, fell into a *syncope* when he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, though his coat was made of that substance.

"And I, myself," said Foote, when listening to these anecdotes, "remember a London alderman, who in general ate in a fine *aldermanic* style, but turned pale at the sight of a sirloin of roast beef. Now, there was a pretty fellow for you; libelling a whole corporation by his own absurdity."

CCXXIV. *T. Taylor.*

Mr. Taylor (familiarly called by his acquaintance "honest Tom Taylor") had

been a wealthy brewer; but retired to Hammersmith, where he occasionally entertained with great hospitality many of the wits and *bon-vivants* of his day. Foote often was one of this party. On Taylor's making an apology one day for the badness of his dessert, by saying that his garden had been robbed, the week before, of some of the finest and ripest fruit he had seen for many years;—"Why, as to your being robbed," said Foote, "that I am inclined to believe: but with respect to the *ripeness* of your fruit, my dear Tom, I must beg leave to differ with you; as I heard they caused a *great reaching*."

CCXXV. *Mrs. Yates.*

On Mrs. Yates rehearsing one morning at Drury-lane Theatre a new part of a tragic princess, where at her death a *flourish of trumpets* was necessary, Hopkins the prompter, doubtful whether it was proper to go through the whole ceremony at that time, walked up softly to her as she lay seemingly dead upon the stage, and whis-

pered, "Madam! Madam!"—"Well, what does the man want?"—"Only, Madam, to know whether you would have the *flourish* now, or *wait for it till night.*"

CCXXVI. *Taswell.*

Taswell, the player, was originally bred at Oxford, and designed for the church: but from some of those unaccountable events which decide the fate of characters, he neglected every thing for the stage; a profession that seemed to reject him, as he never could rise above the station of a low comedian. But his humour was *original;* and as a performer, he was not only a favourite, but his jokes bore the currency of the day round Covent-garden.

His wife was (in the technical language of the theatre) a *dresser* and *property woman;* but one evening, in distributing the *properties* of the play, making some mistake, which he felt in his own character, he said nothing to her till he got her home, and then thus addressed her:—"Madam, as you are *my wife,* I must *forgive* you this

little *faux pas;* but having offended me as *one of the company,* I must chastise you:" which he did corporally.

CCXXVII. *The same.*

On Garrick's reprimanding him one morning for coming late to rehearsal, he made many awkward apologies about not knowing the time, &c. "Why, have you no watch?" asked Garrick.—"No," growled Taswell.—"What has become of it?"—"It is at the pawnbroker's."—"And how do you contrive to rise, and go about your business?"—"By the cries of the town," said Taswell: "I rise with the old-clothes man, dine with 'dog's meat and cat's meat, ho!' get to the play-house by the milkman, and go to bed by the tune of Hippesly's 'Drunken Man:'" all of which he mimicked in such a whimsical manner, as soon made his best apology with the manager.

CCXXVIII. *The same.*

Having once a green-room wrangle with

Mrs. Clive, he concluded his remarks upon her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*, and know the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one and the *flower* of the other."

CCXXIX. *Havard.*

Havard the actor (better known, from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Havard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. "No, no," said her husband; "that will not do, my dear: Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great *complaint lies in his rib.*"

CCXXX. *Baddely.*

Baddely, who was a good low comedian, particularly in the cast of foreign footmen, had been originally a cook in the royal kitchen; but being constantly dangling about the play-houses, Foote engaged him

as one of his company when he opened the Haymarket Theatre about the year 1761. Many years after this, supposing himself ill used by the manager, he resented it in very lofty language; and told him among other things, "that he had not treated him like a *gentleman*."—"Like a gentleman!" said Foote in surprise: "how can you be such an ungrateful varlet? when you know I made a gentleman of you, by taking your *spit* from the fire, and *placing it by your side*."

CCXXXI. *Moody.*

Foote, in walking about his own grounds at North-end one morning with a friend, spied dashing towards them on the Fulham road, two persons in one of those high phaetons so much the vogue of that day. "Is not that Moody," said he, "in that strange *three-pair-of-stairs phaeton?*"—"Yes," said his friend; "and Mr. Johnson, the stock-broker, with him: and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no," said

Foote; "I think not: except they choose to call this *ascension day*."

CCXXXII. *Garrick.*

Garrick, when he was in Paris, dining at the table of the Duke of Nivernois, with Preville the celebrated comic actor, and several distinguished characters, the conversation turned upon the stage; when several compliments were paid Preville on his imitation of a drunken man on horseback. Garrick, excited by a kind of emulation, said "he had himself often occasion to imitate a drunken man on the stage, but never on horseback; he should therefore be very happy to take a lesson from Monsieur Preville." Both these great masters then agreed to give specimens of their art; when the Duke adjudged the prize to Garrick, by saying, "he was not only drunk in his face and general manners, but drunker in his *knees* than Preville."

CCXXXIII. *The same.*

During his stay in Paris, he visited th

celebrated Madame Clairon. In the course of conversation with her, he asked if she had ever heard the *gamut of the passions?* "No," said she.—"Then I will show you," replied Garrick; and instantly began with his voice and countenance to run over the whole scale and compass of them, in such a manner as delighted and surprised her.

CCXXXIV. *The same.*

It was a remark of his, that as soon as any of his performers set up their carriages, they were immediately followed by bailiffs.

CCXXXV. *The same.*

He was always against the practice of women acting men's parts, and said "it was as unnatural as for men to act women's parts. They might for a time please the million, from many causes very remote from good acting; but to a critical eye they were most ridiculous." When Mrs. Woffington was urged as a contrary example, he said: "No. To be sure, her *Sir Harry Wildair* (from her person, and her living so much in

fine habits of men in preference to her own sex) was a great effort; but it was still a *woman's effort*, and not *the character*."

CCXXXVI. *The same.*

One night during the winter before Garrick went to Italy, the cash receipt of Drury-lane Theatre (though he and Mrs. Cibber performed in the same play) amounted to only three pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence!

CCXXXVII. *Difference between a Comedy and Tragedy.*

It was well enough said by a *natural* critic, that the principal difference between a comedy and tragedy was, that the former generally concluded in a church, and the other in a churchyard.

CCXXXVIII. *Lady Dowager T——.*

The celebrated Kitty D——, who was of the bed-chamber of the late Queen Caroline, was so great a favourite at court, that she formed almost the centre of attraction there. "What can be the

of this," said a noble Lord one day, addressing Lady T——: "Kitty is neither very young, nor very beautiful, nor in my opinion has she a great deal of wit; therefore what degree of merit has she in causing this general attraction?"—"Oh! my Lord," said her Ladyship; "Kitty might have the merit of *being willing*."

CCXXXIX. *The same.*

It was well observed by her Ladyship, on what are commonly called *white lies*, that they are very often the *gentlemen-ushers of black ones*."

CCXL. *The same.*

Somebody speaking disrespectfully of the punctilioes of good-breeding and politeness, she observed, "that though they may be sometimes misunderstood, or carried to excess, they were *good screens from many ugly sights*."

CCXLI. *The same.*

The same lady remarked, "that care-

lessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

CCXLII. *The same.*

She had always a strange opinion of the Bristol family: and used to say, "that Providence seemed to have made three kinds of people instead of two; namely, men, women, and the Harveys."

CCXLIII. *The same.*

When her son, the Marquis of T——, was about to receive an addition to his hereditary honours, he first sent in his adopted title as Marquis of *R——ham* (the name of the family seat in Norfolk). On his telling his mother of this circumstance immediately afterwards, she asked him why he should prefer the title of the estate to the *family name:* which was always respectable, and would remain; whereas lands and tenements were perpetually changing masters: repeating the well-known lines of Pope:—

" Shades that to Bacon a retreat afford,
" Become the portion of some booby Lord;
" And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
" Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight."

His Lordship entered into her ideas; and was just in time at the Heralds'-office to make the alteration.

CCXLIV. *The same.*

Seeing the Duke of Newcastle one morning bustling through the levee, " Oh! here comes Newcastle," said she.—" Lord! he seems in a wondrous hurry," said a lady near her.—" Oh! not more than usual, my dear," said the Dowager: " the Duke always appears as if he had lost an hour in the morning, and was looking for it all day long."

CCXLV. *The same.*

A lady railing against the vices of the present times, and asserting that no preceding age was half so profligate, Lady T—— very gravely asked her, " Pray,

Madam, what do you think of *Mrs. Potiphar*, and the two *Misses Lot?*"

CCXLVI. *Lady Greenwich.*

Her Ladyship, who was in the habit of taking a great quantity of Havannah snuff, was reproved by an old lady of her acquaintance before her husband (the late Charles Townshend) for using so much of it; "and *you*, Sir," added she, "should be the first to break her of this custom."—"No," said the husband, with great coolness, "she may take as much *Havannah* as she pleases, provided she does not follow Lord Albemarle's method *.

CCXLVII. *Mr. Lockman.*

This gentleman, who was a great connoisseur in music, was the composer of that very popular ballad, *How canst thou, lovely Nancy?* &c.; which at the time of its pub-

* Lord Albemarle, who had a command in the successful expedition against the Havannah, was so ill with the gout during the period of active operations, that he was confined to his bed.

lication (1758), and many years afterwards, was the *rage* not only at the public gardens, but of all the young musical people in the three kingdoms. Being at an exhibition of pictures one day, a gentleman with two lovely daughters hanging on his arms saw him sitting in the corner of the room; and, willing to show them the author of a song they so much admired, pointed him out to them. "Oh! where, where, papa?" said the girls eagerly.—"There," said the father, repeatedly pointing to the spot.—"What! that ugly old fright, in the snuff-coloured suit of clothes?" said the eldest, fetching a deep sigh: "Oh! I hope not."

CCXLVIII. *Lord Chief Justice Clayton.*

Foote, as has been before observed, took all occasions to illustrate the humour of the Irish character; and, among others, told the following anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Clayton:—

This learned judge (an Englishman), on his appointment to the head of the King's Bench in Ireland, understood very little of

the laws and customs of that country. He was one day observing to Counsellor Harwood (a celebrated Irish wit), that numerous as the English laws were, one was found to be a *key* to the other: "whereas here," said he, "it is just the contrary; as your laws are so continually clashing, that upon my word, at times, *I don't clearly understand them.*"—"Very true indeed, my Lord," cried the Counsellor very gravely: "*that's what we all say.*"

CCXLIX. *Pantomimes.*

Talking of pantomimes one evening at North-end, Foote gave the following extemporary account of them:—

"Aulus Gellius mentions Harlequins in the time of the Romans: and in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Italian priests invented what they called *a familiar Harlequin;* which met people in cross-roads and solitary places, to frighten them in order to induce them to go a crusading, or to pay for the remission of their sins.

"The players about the middle of the

fifteenth century, seeing what a profitable thing the clergy made of Harlequin, took him into their company, and made a species of dramatic entertainment in which he was the principal actor. Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden Theatre, introduced Harlequin into England; and my friend Harry," turning about to Woodward, who sat next to him, "has since identified him as a thorough-bred English character."

CCL. *The Dupe.*

A young man of fashion was complaining to Foote that he had lost a large sum of money at the gaming-table the night before; and, what was more extraordinary, that he lost it upon twelve casts of a die successively. "Not at all extraordinary," said Foote; "Shakspeare has explained the cause many years ago:

"The earth hath *bubbles*, as the water hath."

CCLI. *Lord Townshend.*

Soon after the charge of an assault was

brought against Foote, he was gallanting it with one of the actresses in the green-room, when a gentleman asked Lord T—— who she was. "I dont exactly know her name," said his Lordship; "but I suppose she's one of Foote's *alibis*."

CCLII. *Duchess of Queensberry.*

Horace Walpole dining with the Duchess on her birth-day (when she had just finished her eightieth year), soon after the cloth was removed, he very politely drank her health in a bumper, and added, "May you live, my Lady Duchess, till you begin to grow ugly!"—"I thank you, Mr. Walpole," replied her Grace; "and may you long continue your *taste for antiquities!*"

CCLIII. *The same.*

Pope and Gay complimenting her Grace one day on her great personal and mental accomplishments, she said, "Aye, gentlemen; all this is very fine and far-fetched, but 'tis nothing after all to my little dust-cart man." This exciting their curiosity, she

told them, that soon after she was married, as she was crossing on foot from her house in Albemarle-street to Devonshire-house, dressed in a plain linen gown, and without a footman, she heard a voice repeatedly cry out, "Pretty maid! pretty maid!" At last, turning round to know who addressed her in that familiar manner, she saw a little dust-man in the middle of his cart, who cried out, "Do, my pretty maid, lend me your two fine blue eyes to light my pipe with."

CCLIV. *The same.*

This well-known patroness of Gay pressed George the Second very much to have Gay's opera of *Polly*, which was meant as a sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, licensed. The Minister, however, having settled it otherwise, the King put it off from time to time. At last, urging it very strongly one day, she offered to read it to his Majesty *in the closet*, when he would be convinced there were no objectionable passages.—"Oh! my Lady Duchess," said the King, "I shall certainly see you *in my closet* with a great deal of

pleasure; but I hope, when we meet there, we shall have better business to do than reading of plays."

CCLV. *Clerical Controversy.*

Dr. H— and Dr. W— sitting after dinner at the house of the latter, the conversation turned on The Divine Legation of Moses. They both seemed to agree in the principles of the book, but differed widely about the meaning of some particular passages. Dr. W— defended, and Dr. H— opposed; and both with a degree of warmth unusual to such friends and philosophers. Mrs. W—ton, during this time, was employed on some needle-work at the lower end of the table; when, raising her eyes with a kind of astonishment, and looking them both full in the face, she exclaimed: "Hey-dey, gentlemen, where is the occasion for all this noise and wrangle; when, to *my certain knowledge*, neither of you believe one single syllable of the matter?"

CCLVI. *Lord Shaftsbury.*

An anecdote, somewhat similar to this, is told of the first Lord Shaftsbury; who, conversing with another gentleman on the great variety of sects in the world, at last concluded with observing, "that notwithstanding this, all men of sense were nearly of the same religion."—"And pray, my Lord," said a niece of Lady Shaftsbury's, who overheard the conversation, "what religion is that?"—"That, my dear," said his Lordship, "men of sense never tell."

CCLVII. *Cheap Living in Scotland.*

Before Foote made his first trip to Scotland, he was inquiring of an old Highlander who had been formerly prompter to the Edinburgh Theatre, about the general condition of the country with respect to travelling, living, habits, manners, &c.; of all which the Scot gave him a very minute and favourable account. "You amaze me," said Foote: "why then, I suppose, with about three hundred a year one may live

like a gentleman in your country."—"In truth, master Foote," replied his informer, "I cannot tell that; for as I never knew a man who spent *half that sum,* I don't know what may come into his head who would attempt to *squander the whole.*"

CCLVIII. *Mrs. Foote.*

This lady was kept so much in the back-ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric, life of her husband, that little is known of her history; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character; and these qualities could serve as no lasting checks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was, in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes:—

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty

two-pair-of-stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery: "Why, is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

"The thousand various ills
"That flesh is heir to?"

This is a mere temporary confinement; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain *and* confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—"No, no," said the other; sit down: "'tis nothing but *my Foot*."—"Your foot!" said the Doctor: "well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time."—"I tell you again," said

the other, "'tis nothing but *my Foot;* and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and, with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

CCLIX. *The same.*

A connexion formed on such discordant principles, could not be supposed to be either very endearing or permanent. He accordingly, at one time, took it into his head (as he said, "to make her life *more comfortable*") to part from her: but after an absence of some months, his friends remonstrating on the injustice to a woman who had never offended him, an accommodation was brought about; and one Costello (an inferior player belonging to Drury-lane, but one of Foote's laughing *junto*) was commissioned to carry the lady to Blackheath, where her husband then resided.

They were to travel in a one-horse chaise from town; and Costello, who always

piqued himself upon being a capital driver, ran so close to a broad-wheeled waggon, as to throw them both into the middle of a ditch; where they were not only well covered with dirt, but the lady had her face much bruised and disfigured.

Mr. Murphy, who was to be one of the party at this reconciliation dinner, arrived soon after; and meeting Foote in the back parlour, asked whether the lady had yet arrived. "Oh yes," said Foote; "you will find her above in the drawing-room: and there you may learn *geography* from her face, as it is a complete map of the world. On one side you may see the *blue mountains;* on the other, the *black forests:* here the *Red Sea;* and here" (pointing to his forehead) "you may evidently behold the *rocks of Silly.*"

CCLX. *Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

This celebrated philosopher, though very different in general temper and habits, was not unknown to Foote and his junto, whose wit he often relished as a *seasoning* to deeper thoughts and graver studies.

The Doctor speaking of those early and accidental inducements which lead the mind to particular arts or sciences, gave another testimony to the opinion of Dr. Johnson and others, "that he who would perfect his style, should turn over the pages of Addison by day and by night;" as it was by stumbling accidentally, he said, on an odd volume of the Spectator, when a boy, that he was first induced to become a reader, and afterwards a writer. His method, which is given here as no inconsiderable example, was as follows:—

"I was delighted," said he, "with the style of the Spectator; and was desirous, if possible, to imitate it. In order to succeed, I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and laid them aside for some days: after which I endeavoured, without looking at the original, to recompose the essay; and to express at length each thought as it was in the book, employing only such phrases as occurred to my own mind."

By degrees this plan succeeded; and

though he wanted the finished graces of an Addisonian style (and who has been able to catch them?), he acquired a familiarity of expression, and a correctness of thinking, which perhaps without this aid he would never have been able to attain.

Swift had strength and precision, Dryden often united elegance to strength, and Bolingbroke was happy in both; but Addison had a grace in writing, with such a well-bred familiarity in expression, independent of his judgment as a critic and a moralist, as rendered him an *unique* among English writers.

CCLXI. *The same.*

Dr. Franklin once examining a boy at the request of his father, relative to the progress he had made in his learning, found him offering *excuses* for almost every thing which he should have done. This he listened to for some time with great patience, and very much to the boy's satisfaction, who thought he had deceived him: at last he said, in his usual grave manner: "I grant you, young gentleman, you have been

very *ingenious* in your apologies for not doing your duty; and as such I must report you to your father: but this I must likewise tell him as well as you,—that the boy who is *good at excuses*, is generally *good for nothing else.*"

CCLXII. *The same.*

When people who had got together a little money in trade, used to be capriciously wishing to live in the country (without having a single quality or habit to fit them for agriculture, its pursuit, or enjoyments), he would drily ask, "What do you think of the country for?" The answer usually was, "Oh! because I am *tired* of the town."—"And for this reason," replied he, "you want to *re-tire* in the country."

CCLXIII. *The same.*

On the subject of natural and artificial education, he used to tell the following anecdote:—

On the conclusion of some treaty between a party of Indians with the Council of

Pennsylvania, the latter offered to the former to educate some of their young men according to the modes of civilized life. The Indians, after duly considering the proposal, declined the offer; asking, at the same time, "What can we get by the exchange of education? You cannot walk so fast, nor so well, as we can. You cannot fight so well, nor are you such good marksmen. Our wants are fewer; our distinctions less: without jealousy, ambition, &c. But as you mean to live friendly with us, we are ready to communicate *these blessings* to you; by educating, from time to time, a number of the young men of your nation."

CCLXIV. *The same.*

When he heard people say "they were tired of a thing," merely through a want of proper perseverance, he used to reply, "Well, do as married people do; *tire* and *begin again.*"

CCLXV. *The same.*

Franklin's father was a puritan of the

old stamp; and with other peculiarities of this sect, was accustomed to precede all his meals with long prayers, and sometimes to say grace over every particular dish. This not agreeing with the impatience of young Franklin's appetite, who was then about eleven years old, he determined to give his father a broad hint. Accordingly, when, at the beginning of winter, he was, as usual, busy in salting provisions for the season, he asked his father, "whether it would not be better to crave a blessing, once for all, on the whole cask of provisions, *then;* as it would be a wonderful saving of time in future."

CCLXVI. *The same.*

His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by apposite anecdotes. When he was agent here for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the *Stamp Act;* but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it."

After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal: "That if the Americans would engage *to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper,* &c. the Parliament would then repeal the act."

The Doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, '*Hah! monsieur, voulez-vous* give me de *plaisir,* de *satisfaction,* to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—'My body!' replied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—'*Vel den,* only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'—'*Vel den,*' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'vil you, my

good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker?'"

CCLXVII. *The same.*

When any one was for proving the fortune and respectability of another by the number of servants, carriages, &c. the Doctor used to reply, "Well, well; this may be your opinion, and the opinion of many people: but I have not yet learnt that *extravagance* is the criterion of *fortune* or *independence.*"

CCLXVIII. *John Home.*

Foote was inclined to think that John Home was not the *sole* author of the tragedy of *Douglas;* as he had often heard from some old members of the Scotch bar, that he was assisted in it by a junto of clever young men, who belonged to a club of which Home was a member, and particularly by the father of the present Lord Minto. This gentleman's subsequent tragedies seem to warrant this opinion.

CCLXIX. *Gulliver's Travels.*

Mr. Fortescue (afterwards Master of the Rolls), when a lawyer on the western circuit, wrote a letter to Mr. Pope in the year 1727, stating that "one Lemuel Gulliver had a cause there, and lost it on the ill reputation he had of being a most notorious liar;" and an Irish judge told some person of Swift's acquaintance very gravely, that "he looked upon the whole of Gulliver's Travels (*whatever other persons might think of them*) to be one continued heap of improbable lies."

CCLXX. *The same.*

Dr. Arbuthnot says, that Lord Scarborough (who was no inventor of stories) told him, that he happened to be in company with a master of a ship, who said, that "he was very well acquainted with Mr. Gulliver: but that the printer had made a mistake; for it was at *Wapping*, and *not at Rotherhithe*, that the Captain lived."

CCLXXI. *The same.*

In another place Dr. Arbuthnot says: "I lent Gulliver's Travels to an old gentleman to read; who, putting on his spectacles, went very deliberately to his map to look for Lilliput."

CCLXXII. *Pope.*

Foote was of opinion that Pope's learning was rather elegant and superficial, than deep and erudite: "and if we believe Voltaire," said he, "he did not understand even the French language; though all his biographers say that he made himself master of the French when he removed from Binfield to Hyde-park corner."

This being doubted by some of the company, he turned to a volume of Voltaire; where (in his characters of English writers) he says that "Pope could hardly read French, spoke not one word of the language, nor ever wrote a syllable of it, nor was he capable:" and all this he does not say to lower the poet, whom in other

respects he praises most lavishly; but to prove that he did not write a letter in French (as he was reported to have done) to Racine the son of the celebrated poet: "for," adds he, "if he did, God must certainly have endowed him with the gift of tongues, by way of recompence for having composed so wonderful a work as the Essay on Man."

CCLXXIII. *Davenport (the Taylor).*

This man, who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English?" asked the wit.—"Poh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar."—"Then I have got one from Hamlet, that will match you to a *button-hole*: '*List! list! oh, list!*'"

CCLXXIV. *Dr. Thompson,*

Who was a celebrated physician in his day, and who was equally remarkable for the *slovenliness* of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins; and in his medi-

cal capacity always reprobated them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcombe's when Garrick was present, and a plate of muffins being introduced, the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out: "Take away the muffins! take away the muffins!"—"No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate; "take away *the ragamuffins.*"

CCLXXV. *Dr. James.*

Dr. James is said to have been indebted for the discovery of the celebrated powder long known by his name, to a German called Swanberg: but such is generally the fate of original inventors, that the German died almost starving; while James, and many of his successors in the sale of this medicine, rode in their coaches.

CCLXXVI. *The same.*

James being once asked his opinion of the difference between a doctor and an apothecary, replied, "it did not become him to decide on such a delicate point; however,

he would tell the company an anecdote which perhaps might elucidate the question.

"A monkey belonging to a gentleman's house in the country, observed the butler one day go into the cellar, take the spigot out of the barrel, draw himself a jug of ale, and then return it into the barrel again. When the butler went away, Jacko, who wished to be *an imitator without the capacity of his original,* drew the spigot out of the barrel; but, *not knowing how to stop it again,* let the beer run all about the place, while he frisked up and down stairs in the greatest fright and confusion imaginable."

CCLXXVII. *Shakspeare.*

Foote was an enthusiastic admirer of this great poet; and frequently, in the course of dramatic conversation, would point out particular beauties which had escaped the research of his commentators. He one day asserted, "that it would not be difficult to find passages in Shakspeare which are not strictly correct either in sense or grammar, yet carry the meaning so warmly and obviously to every body's mind, as no other

words could convey it. This," added he, " was the witchery of the poet; who, by the inspiration of his muse, could ' snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.' "

CCLXXVIII. *Dr. Goldsmith.*

Every body who knew Goldsmith intimately, must have known that he was no less distinguished as a poet, than for the eccentricities and varieties of his character; being by turns vain and humble, coarse and refined, judicious and credulous. In one of his humiliating moments, he accidentally met with an old acquaintance at a chop-house, soon after he had finished his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer;* and, talking to him upon the subject, requested of him as a friend, and as a critic whose judgment he relied on, that he would give him an opinion of it.

The Doctor then began to tell the particulars of his plot, in his strange, uncouth, deranged manner; which the other could only make out to be, " that the principal part of the business turned upon one gentleman mis-

taking the house of another for an inn:"—at which he shook his head, observing at the same time, that he was afraid the audience, under their then *sentimental impressions**, would think it too broad and farcical for comedy.

Goldsmith looked very serious at this, and paused for some time. At last, taking him by the hand, he piteously exclaimed: "I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the candour of your opinion: but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius (if ever I had any) has of late totally deserted me."

CCLXXIX. *The same.*

One of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre was observing to Foote, "what a *hum-drum* kind of man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green-room, compared with the figure he made in his poetry."—"The reason of that," said he, "is, because the *muses* are better companions than the *players*."

* See vol. i. page 182 to 185 of this work.

CCLXXX. *A good sort of Man.*

"Pray," said a lady to Foote, "what sort of man is Sir John D.?"—"Oh! a very good sort of man."—"But what do you call a good sort of man?"—"Why, Madam, one *who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance.*"

CCLXXXI. *Difficulty of one Fool finding out another.*

Laughing at the imbecilities of a common friend one day, somebody observed, "it was very surprising; as Tom D—— knew him very well, and thought him far from being a fool."—"Ah, poor Tom!" said Foote: "he is like one of those people who eat garlic themselves, and therefore can't smell it in a companion."

CCLXXXII. *Public Subscriptions.*

Foote used to tell the following anecdote of a noble Lord of his intimate acquaintance:—

This nobleman, liberal in his heart, though not possessed of a fortune equal to all its demands, had occasion to call together the leading members in the county of which he was Lord-lieutenant, towards a public subscription. Finding the pulse of the audience not very strong towards it, he began by putting down his own name for *five hundred pounds*. On this his old steward immediately took fire; and, hobbling up to him, whispered, "My Lord, my Lord, are you mad? Why, we have not five pounds in the house."—"I know it, I know it, you old blockhead; go about your business:" then, raising his voice to the clerk of the meeting, he cried, "Put me down for five hundred pounds."

The liberality of this sum, and from a man of such comparatively small fortune, seemed to incite the whole assembly; and subscriptions poured in apace. Here the matter rested till about a month afterwards; when the collecting-clerk made his best bow to his Lordship, requesting his subscription-money. "Subscription from me!" said

his Lordship in a surprise: "what! did not I devise the *ways and means* by which you got all this money? and now you want to drag more out of my own pocket! Why, you unfeeling man, *would you kill your decoy-duck?*"

CCLXXXIII. *Dr. Atterbury.*

At the time of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, being banished from this kingdom by a decision of the House of Lords, his Lordship's high character as a scholar and a man of taste, and perhaps above all his being a *suffering tory*, induced some of the first persons in the country to propose a subscription for his future support. It was scarcely opened, when it was filled by all the Right Honourables and Honourables of his party, to the amount of *forty-four thousand* pounds; which, with the Bishop's private fortune, was thought a splendid provision. But, alas! all this was but *on paper:* when the *money* came to be paid in, after every endeavour to rouse and stimulate these noble personages to keep their word, the

sum actually received was but *two thousand three hundred pounds.*

CCLXXXIV. *The Beggars' Opera.*

When Miss Fenton, the original *Polly* in this celebrated Opera, was taken off the stage by the Duke of Bolton, it created great confusion in the theatre for some time where to find a substitute. At length a Miss Nornia, the daughter of a Jew merchant in the city, was selected for this purpose; who was a great favourite with the public, both from the beauty of her person, and the harmony of her voice.

She was taken off the stage by Lord W— (son of the Minister), under a promise of marriage (as it was said) after his father's death: and on the strength of this promise she lent him three thousand pounds, left her by her father; which sum, through negligence, or some other cause difficult now to be traced, was never repaid her, either during his Lordship's life, or by will at his death. In this distressed situation, Rich

the manager, much to the credit of his humanity, took her into his house; where she was kindly and hospitably entertained, and where she continued to the hour of her death, which happened at a very advanced period.

CCLXXXV. *Swift.*

(Anecdotes of him; as related by Foote, Dr. Johnson, the elder Sheridan, and others.)

He made his *debût* in the literary world as a poet, with no success. He wrote Pindaric odes to the King, to Sir William Temple, and to the Athenian Society, which were all very unworthy of his subsequent reputation; but those to the writers of the *Athenian Oracle* (a set of people who rendered themselves objects of notice only by their ignorance in attempting to give solutions to every question, and their credulity in listening to the greatest falsehoods) were equal to any issuing from Grub-street. The following is the concluding couplet to a long dull *Panegyric on the Doers of the Athenian Oracle*:—

"You seem almost transform'd to water,
flame, and air;
So well you answer all phenomena there."

Dryden, on perusing those verses, is reported to have said: "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." However, the fact turned out far otherwise; for though he never afterwards attempted the heroic or Pindaric, perhaps there are few poets in our language whose sense is more compact, and who use so few expletives. He was but twenty-four years of age when he wrote his Pindarics.

CCLXXXVI. *The same.*

He liked Portugal wine better than Champagne, claret, or Burgundy. White port was his favourite liquor, which he always mixed with great quantities of sugar: he generally drank a pint at dinner, and a pint at supper; but latterly only half a pint at each meal. With respect to eating, he was always plain and abstemious. Indeed he says of himself in one of his letters to Stella: "I have a sad vulgar appetite. I never

endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing *."

CCLXXXVII. *The same.*

Dining one day at Sir Arthur Acheson's at Market-hill, and the hock being given about in very small glasses, "Come, Mr. Dean," said Sir Arthur, "I'll pledge you in a glass of *hic, hæc, hoc.*"—"No, Sir," replied Swift; "I beg leave to *decline* it: so John," turning round to the servant, "bring me a *hujus*" (hugeous) "glass of *hock.*"

CCLXXXVIII. *The same.*

Riding out one morning in the Strand near Dublin, he met with a parishioner of his well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse, &c. "All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours."—

* "On rainy days alone I dine,
Upon a chick, and pint of wine:
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone."
SWIFT'S POEMS.

"To mine!" returned the Dean in surprise: "why, this is but a mere pad, which I keep for exercise."—"Aye, but notwithstanding that," replied the other, "*he carries the best head* of any horse in Ireland."

CCLXXXIX. *The same.*

Swift would never own that he wrote *The Tale of a Tub;* and when George Faulkner, his printer, one day asked him whether he really was the author of it, "Young man," said he, "I am surprised that you dare ask me such a question."

CCXC. *The same.*

In a conversation with Swift, Pope asked him what the people in Ireland thought of him (Pope). "Why," said Swift, surveying him at the same time, "they think you a *very little man,* but a *great poet.*" Pope felt this; and replied with some acrimony, "They think the very reverse of you in England."

CCXCI. *The same.*

Swift makes the following very good excuse for a dull man on leaving a circle of wits: "Sir, I suppose, by the laughing and merriment of the company we have left, there were many good things said. Now, as I never invent a jest myself, so I make it a rule never to laugh at other people's."

CCXCII. *The same.*

Foote was of opinion that, from Swift's intimate knowledge of courts, and the freeness of his observation upon ministers and administrations, a collection of his thoughts upon this subject would form an excellent practical digest of politics.

CCXCIII. *The same.*

On the Day of Judgment.

(Not inserted in his Works.)

With a whirl of thought opprest,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head;
I saw the graves give up their dead:

Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies;
And thunder roars, and light'ning flies.
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne;
While each pale sinner hangs his head:
Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said:
" Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell—*through pride;*
You who in different sects have shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd,
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you):—
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! go, go; you're bit."

CCXCIV. *The same.*

(A character of him. Supposed to be written by Counsellor Morgan, an old and intimate acquaintance of his.)

" I was intimate with the Dean in the younger parts of his life; and our acquaintance continued to the end of it. I had a friendship for the man, and a fondness for

his wit; but still think that no author has given his character fairly.

"His wit was certainly unbounded. In his writings he had a natural propensity to *humour;* but no man was ever more deficient in *good-humour.* His imagination was quick, but not warm; there was uncommon vivacity in his conceits, but they were for the most part cynical and eccentric. In every thing he said, and every thing he wrote, his pride constantly preponderated: he was not content to acquire admiration; but was arbitrary, and would command it.

"His fondness for satire was so prevalent a passion, that no man who knew him could escape it: even the modest and assuming at times were attacked with equal severity; though not so much with a view to show the weakness of his friends, as to assert the superiority of his own talents. In correcting the ignorant he was unmerciful; in censuring the works of his cotemporaries he was ungenerous and unkind. He expected that every man should consult his humours, while he consulted

no man's in return. If he was silent in company, he expected their patience till he spoke; if communicative, he laid claim to an undivided attention.

"His knowledge of men was general; it was not, however, deep, nor perfect. He was by no means a master of original principles of action; but rather observed the result, and reported with an appearance of consummate judgment. His poetry, in the main, with all its beauties, is prostituted to the most trifling subjects. His politics were factious in the extreme. He never could forgive the ministry who superseded his friends, because they were not inclined to gratify his unbounded ambition: and hence arose his violent opposition to government; and all the rancorous effusions of a party spirit, by which he inflamed the spirits of the vulgar.

"He affected a contempt for the great, though no man was more gratified by their attention. His writings to his friends have an incomparable beauty of style; but all his

epistles to people in a higher sphere are unnatural and laboured. From the whole survey of the man, I am inclined to think that, like Rembrandt's figures, he would have been lost in the shadows of his character, if the strength of its light had not relieved him."

CCXCV. *Dr. Barnard.*

Dr. Barnard, the present venerable and respected Bishop of Limerick, (then Dean of Derry,) being in a conversation with Foote, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters, Barnard happened to say, "that he thought no man could improve when past the age of forty-five." Upon this Dr. Johnson, in his usual dogmatical manner, observed, that he (Barnard) was an instance to the contrary; for there was great room for improvement in him, *and wished he would set about it.*

This produced the following elegant *bagatelle* from the former, in the course of the next day; addressed "To Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Co."

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it:
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true
That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson; "'tis not so:
That's your mistake, and I can show
An instance if you doubt it.
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it:
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And wit—I could not *buy* it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill:
You can inform me, if you will,
(My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men;
So lend me your assistance.

Dear knight of Plympton*, teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
And smile serene, like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

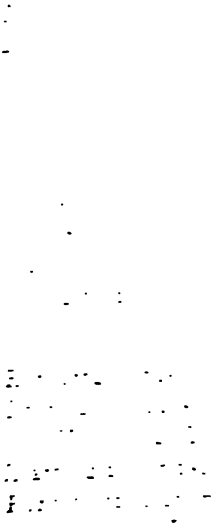
Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation.
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By constant application.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick;
Thou who reversest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er†.
Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's odes backward.



Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his clear familiar style;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, *like himself, polite.*

CCXCVI. *Chaplains' Table.*

Foote often dined at this table; of which he was so much the life and spirit, that the late King (who used to have several of our hero's *bon-mots* repeated to him next day at the levee) frequently wished that *etiquette* would permit him to be one of the party. Foote used to tell many anecdotes relative to this table, and among others the following:—

Charles the Second was so pleased with the convivialities of it, that he frequently dined with his Chaplains, and several of the court wits who constantly attended him. However, about the period of shutting up the Exchequer by the advice of Clifford (1672), the royal finances were so low, that in the general scale of retrenchment, he was advised to abolish this table, and the

report gained ground of its being soon put into execution. While this report still prevailed, the King dined there one day; when the Chaplain whose turn it was to say the usual grace, "God bless the King, and the table!" gave it another turn, by exclaiming with great fervour, "God bless the King, and *save* the table!" The King, caught with this stroke of humour, cried out: "God's fish, Doctor! and so it shall be:" and so it continued from that day to the spring of the present year (1805), when it was finally abolished.

CCXCVII. *Lord Orford.*

The following letter, not published in any of his works, was written by the late Lord Orford in answer to a letter of Lady C——n, requesting his opinion of *The Scornful Lady* by Beaumont and Fletcher, since altered to the comedy of *The Capricious Lady.*

"I return your Ladyship the play, and will tell you the truth. At first I proposed just to amend the mere faults of language,

and the incorrectness: but the farther I proceeded, the less I found it worth correcting; and indeed I believe nothing but Mrs. Abington's acting can make any thing of it. It is like all the rest of the pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher: they had good ideas, but never made the most of them; and seem to me to have finished their plays when they were drunk, so very improbable are the means by which they produce their *denouement*.

"To produce a good play from one of theirs, I believe the only way would be, to take their plan, draw the characters from nature, omit all that is improbable, and entirely re-write the dialogue; for their language is at once hard and pert, vulgar and incorrect, and has neither the pathos of the preceding age nor the elegance of this. They are grossly indelicate, and yet have no simplicity. There is a wide difference between unrefined and vicious indecency: the first would not invent fig-leaves; the latter tears holes in them after they are invented."

CCXCVIII. *The same.*

(From an Extract of a Letter on the Progress of Tragedy.)

"The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal to that of the great men we have produced in other walks.

"Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakspeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a kind of placid pleasing dignity in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore.*

"In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and of Shakspeare; but, falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in *The Mourning Bride;* grew stark mad in Lee; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Younge; yet in both was still *a poet's* cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton; who were afraid it

should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid but amiable hand: and then it languished."

CCXCIX. *Garrick.*

Garrick's whisper on the stage was most deservedly praised for its being heard through the whole theatre, while the loud declamation of many of his colleagues was occasionally unintelligible. "The reason," replied Garrick, on this being remarked to him, "is, that many of the actors have no idea of *distinctness in their pronunciation,* and forget the lesson of acquiring 'a temperance that may give it smoothness.'"

CCC. *The same.*

Garrick was one summer travelling in the north of England, when, happening to stop at a very obscure village, he heard the theatrical drum beating about the streets, and saw the principal performer (as was usual in those days) distributing the play-

bills*. This was sufficient to induce him to stay the night, in order to see the comedy; which was *The Recruiting Officer*. He accordingly wrapped himself up in his great coat, to avoid being known: and, after having paid his shilling, seated himself in the pit; quite secure, he thought, from all eyes but his own. The actors, however, were better informed: as on one of the company recognizing him, it was unanimously determined in the green-room to return him his admission money; and the manager immediately waited on him for that purpose. Garrick, seeing the man approach, asked him, with some surprise, what was the matter?—"Only to return you your money, Sir."—"What!" said Garrick; "is it a bad shilling?"—"Oh, dear! no, Sir," replied the other; "but

* It was the custom about fifty years ago, particularly in the *county* towns of England and Ireland, to announce the play of the day by beat of drum through the principal streets, one of the performers attending to distribute the bills. It was likewise usual then, and long after that period, for the actresses to wait upon the principal ladies in the town with bills for their benefit-nights, and return their acknowledgments afterwards in sedan-chairs.

we make it a rule *never to take any money from one another.*"

CCCI. *The same.*

On the same scale of acquaintance, a performer once told him, "that he often had the honour of playing in the same scene with him."—"With me?" said Garrick, in some surprise: "I really don't recollect it. Pray, what particular part was it?"—"The *Cock* in *Hamlet*, Sir.*"

CCCII. *Mrs. Pritchard.*

This lady was so very natural an actress, and was so powerfully affected by her feelings, that she seldom retired from any great tragic part without being in some degree affected by a stomachic complaint.

CCCIII. *The same.*

It is generally thought that Mrs. Pritchard died of a mortification in her foot;

* It was formerly the custom of the stage to employ a man behind the scenes to imitate the crowing of a cock in the ghost-scene in *Hamlet*; but this being often executed unskilfully, it threw an air of ridicule on the performance, and the custom was abolished.

but it is now known, on respectable authority, that her death was principally occasioned by a broken heart. She retired from the stage on the death of a relation who died intestate, and to whom she thought herself heiress; it was likewise universally considered so for a time, and letters of administration were taken out by her for that purpose: but just as she was extending her expenses for the enjoyment of this large fortune, another claimant appeared; who proved himself to be the nearest legal heir, and who consequently obtained the property.

CCCIV. *The late Lord Halifax.*

It being proposed to this nobleman to solicit the hand of Miss Drury, one of the greatest fortunes in England at that time, he declined it, and she afterwards married Lord B—k—shire: upon which Foote said of Lord Halifax (who was rather a dissipated man), "that he preferred the *hundreds* of *old Drury* to the *thousands of modern Drury.*"

CCCV. *Peter Corneille.*

The following extract of a letter, dated 1679, was found some years ago among a bundle of loose papers belonging to a family at Rouen, who lived in intimacy with, and were related to, that celebrated poet.

"I saw yesterday our worthy relation and friend M. Corneille. Though he is now seventy-three years of age, he is as well as can be expected at that time of life. We went out together in the afternoon; and passing through the street of *la Parcheminerie*, he was obliged to stop, and go into a cobler's stall, to have one of his shoes mended, which had just burst. We both sat on the bench while the man was doing it; and when he had finished, M. Corneille gave him three small pieces of money, the only ones (I believe) he had in his pocket.

"At our return home, I offered him my purse; which he refused, and absolutely rejected the proposal I made of dividing the contents of it between us. On taking leave of him, I could not help shedding tears

at the unhappy condition of so great a man."

CCCVI. *Intuition, and Sagacity.*

Of the difference between those two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a circuitous process) Foote said, "the former was the *eye*, the latter the *nose*, of the mind."

CCCVII. *The Robin Hood.*

A person observing to Foote that there was better oratory occasionally at the Robin Hood, when Jekup the baker was president of that society, than there was at that time in the House of Commons: "No doubt of it," said Foote; "as people go to the *House of Commons* for *bread*, but to the *baker* merely for *oratory*."

CCCVIII. *The Use of Grammatical Learning.*

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant de-

gree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, Sir! What! would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, Sir," replied Foote very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

CCCIX. *Clerical Boots.*

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, that "the roads were so *deep* in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes."—"Yes," said Foote: "and, I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally *out of his depth* too."

CCCX. *The Cause of a Play being damned.*

A foreigner being present at a musical piece which was damned the first night of its performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was

St. John, he asked again, "*St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* (St. John, St. John, what St. John?")—"*Oh, Monsieur!*" cried Foote; "*le gentilhomme sans la tête.* (Oh, Sir! the gentleman without a head)."

CCCXI. *The Man-trap.*

Foote, who had all qualities of humour about him, and sometimes would not let truth stand in the way of his joke, was one day, after dinner, apologizing to his company for not giving them pine-apples in the dessert; "but," added he, "that confounded fellow of a next-door neighbour of mine comes over the garden-wall at night, and steals all my pines."—"What! my Lord B——'s brother?"—"Yes; no less a man, I assure you: and I have got his great-toe in my man-trap at this instant."—"Oh! it is impossible," said the company; "you are surely *humming* us."—"Nay, I will convince you of it in a moment." Here he called up his gardener; and turning to him with great gravity, asked him what he had done with the Honourable Mr. S——'s great-toe. "The toe, Sir?" said the gar-

dener, not being at first prepared for the question.—"Yes, the toe which you found in my man-trap this morning."—"Oh, yes! the toe," catching the joke: "why, to tell you the truth, Sir, it stunk so horridly, that I threw it out about an hour ago."—"You should not have done that," said one of the company, taking the story as a fact; "you should have kept it to expose him."—"No, no," said the wit; "'tis better as it is; consider how the keeping of such a *toe* must have disgraced a *Foot*."

CCCXII. *Inscription on a Pane of Glass.*

A silly young woman of fashion having inscribed on a pane of glass, at the inn at Staines, the following words:—"Dear Lord D—— has the *softest* lips of any man in England;" Foote, coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath:—

"Then as like as two chips
"Are his *head* and his *lips*."

CCCXIII. *A Formal Man.*

A friend speaking of a *formal man* of their mutual acquaintance, observed in his

defence, that "notwithstanding a little stiffness, there were times when he could be very familiar."—"Yes," said Foote; "but then it is *a full-dress familiarity*."

CCCXIV. *Newgate.*

Some improvement being made near St. Sepulchre's church, by the erection of a new compter, a person observed, how convenient it would be from its *correspondence* to Newgate. "I dislike it for that very reason," said Foote; "because it is encouraging a *criminal correspondence*."

CCCXV. *The Faro-Bank.*

A gentleman having lost his money at a faro-bank, where he suspected the *lady* of the house, he communicated his suspicions to Foote; who comforted him by saying, "that he might depend upon it, 'twas all *fair* play."

CCCXVI. *Giving Warning.*

Foote calling upon a gentleman of the law who did not live happily with his wife, the servant maid soon afterwards came into

the room to look for her mistress. "What do you want your mistress for?" asked the Barrister. "Why indeed, Sir, to tell you the truth, she scolds me so from morning to night, I come to give her warning."—"What, then you mean to leave us?"—"Certainly, Sir," said she, shutting the door after her. "Happy girl!" exclaimed Foote; "I most sincerely wish your poor master *could give warning too.*"

CCCXVII. *Uncertainty of the Law.*

Foote used to tell a saying of an old officer in the court of Chancery, who had it from his uncle (his predecessor in the same office for forty years), that "if there was any thing which Providence could be supposed to be ignorant of, it was *the event of a Chancery suit.*"

The late Lord Chancellor Roslyn, when Mr. Wedderburne, in a letter addressed to Mr. Andrew Stuart in the great cause depending between Douglas and the Duke of Hamilton, speaks on the same subject thus: "My ideas of justice are a little perplexed by this decision: and I consider it as a

striking example, among many others, that no cause is either *certain* or *desperate.*"

It is likewise told of Lord Hardwicke, that the cause in which he had his first brief in the Court of Chancery as a Barrister, he decided as Lord Chancellor towards the close of his continuance in office.

CCCXVIII. *Apology for Absence.*

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before to which he had a card of invitation; "Oh, my dear Sir!" replied the wit; "say nothing about it: *you were never missed.*"

CCCXIX. *Boyce.*

Boyce the poet, and co-temporary of Johnson and Foote, was so miserably poor at one time, that he was obliged to lie in bed for want of clothes; and when a friend, hearing of his distressed situation, sent him a guinea, he instantly laid out a crown of it for mushrooms and truffles, to garnish a slice of roast beef, which he ate in bed.

It was of this unhappy man, that Dr. Johnson replied, on being asked which was the best poet, Boyce or Derrick? "How can I appreciate the difference between a flea and a louse?"

CCCXX. *George Stevens.*

Mr. Stevens and a literary party being in the habit of visiting Cambridge for many years during the long vacation, Dr. Johnson asked him how they generally amused themselves there. "Why, Sir," said the other, "we read or walk in the morning, meet at dinner, go to the play at Stirbitch fair in the evening, and then drop in at one of the booths, and pick up the *left* leg of a goose."—"And pray, Sir," said Johnson, "what peculiar excellence is there in the *left* leg of a goose?"—"Oh! a great deal, when it happens to be the only *leg left*."

CCCXXI. *Slovenly Author.*

A poor author, who was never remarkably clean in his person, dining with Foote, Lord K——, who happened to be

at table, was complimenting him on his last performance. "Oh, my Lord!" said Bayes, "now you are *ironing* me*."—"Not he, indeed," said Foote; "for if his Lordship meant to do that, he certainly would have *washed you first.*"

CCCXXII. *Personation.*

On the morning before he set out for Dover, an old performer belonging to the Haymarket Theatre called to take leave of him. "Well," said Foote, "what's the matter with you this morning, you look so ruefully?"—"Why, I don't know how it is, but I find I'm not *myself* to-day."—"No! then I heartily wish you joy; for though I don't know *who you are now*, you must certainly be *a gainer by the change.*"

The last flash of his wit he played off on the *cook at Dover*, as we have already mentioned in the course of these Memoirs;

* A cant word then used for exercising irony towards any person.

thus closing his real, like his dramatic charater:

"*Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*"

THIS miscellaneous collection might have been extended to a much greater length, but for a consciousness that many anecdotes and repartees, however entertaining or brilliant in the hilarity of conversation, may not meet the cooler judgment of the public with strict propriety. Enough has probably been given to exhibit with justice the character of this very extraordinary man; and to add credit to the prediction of our great moralist, that "his chasm will not be readily filled up in society."

THREE DRAMATIC PIECES

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

Not published in his Works.

THE SECOND ACT* OF

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, 1758-9.

Dramatis Personæ.

Puzzle,	Mr. Wilkinson.
Freelove,	Mr. Holland.
Manly,	Mr. Burton.
Prompter,	Mr. Cross.
Crambo,	Mr. Blakes.

Players—by several of the Company.

Bounce was at first omitted; but when Mr. Foote acted *Puzzle, Bounce* was performed by Mr. Wilkinson.

* *Lady Pentweazle,* from the comedy of *Taste,* was altered for the first act, and performed the above year at Drury-lane Theatre; but is here omitted, as it is printed in Mr. Foote's works.

Scene—the Playhouse.

Enter PUZZLE, *followed by Prompter.*

PUZZLE.

A TRUCE to your impertinence! I tell you, I'm above law!

Prompt. Why, Sir, 'twas but last night I heard a goodish-looking well-dressed man, that sat in the next box at the porter-house, affirm, that to his knowledge, if you proceeded to exhibit, you and your pupils would be all sent to Bridewell.

Puz. So much the better—the ministry will then interpose; they who are now pursuing in every point the public good, can't refuse to patronize my plan. But this is all stuff, the idle rumour of the day—is there any body without?

Prompt. All the pupils, Sir, and Mr. Crambo the poet.

Puz. 'Tis strange that man won't take an answer—I'll dispatch him first—show him in—

Prompt. Mr. Crambo.

Enter CRAMBO.

Puz. Why, I told told you, Mr. What-

d'ye-call'em, that I exhibit no pieces but my own—why will you—

Cram. It is very hard—I'm sure I write to the present taste.

Puz. Then 'tis not worth twopence—the present taste is abominably corrupt—To correct that is part of my plan. Are you answered?

Cram. Then all my hopes are vanished—here have I been a scene-dangler for these thirty years, and my writings constantly refused by every manager of every theatre.

Puz. Hah! there's something in that—have you shown 'em this?

Cram. All, Sir.

Puz. And what's their judgment?

Cram. Plump against me.

Puz. I don't dislike that—Is it a tragedy, or a comedy?

Cram. A deep tragedy, Sir.

Puz. What's your title?

Cram. Bungy.

Puz. There's novelty in that—there's salt in Bungy.—What's your subject?

Cram. I'll read the argument.

Puz. No—give it me—very few authors can read their own works—(*reads*) "Marc Antony—Julius Cæsar—Pompey the Great—and—Peter Reynolds." Peter Reynolds!

Cram. That's my English character. I have mixed him with the Romans, to show the superiority of the ancients compared with the moderns.

Puz. That's well conceived—but to proceed: "and Peter Reynolds, are all inflamed with the love of the Princess Maudlin—she burns with an equal ardour for them; for being bred up in a state of innocence, she thinks she may, without offending the rules of modesty, love the whole four, which she does accordingly with a becoming warmth of passion."

Cram. There rises my distress.

Puz. Eminently mournful, and highly natural, upon my honour, Mr. Crambo!

Cram. But what I chiefly pique myself upon is, the propriety and unity of my character; for while my heroes are ransacking *all nature* for lofty similes for the Princess,

see how natural and characteristic is Mr. Reynolds's comparison.

Puz. *(reads)*—

"Oh! what a Lord Mayor's feast of joy art thou!
"Thy face is venison, and thy neck white veal,
"And all thy other parts are beef and pudding."

Cram. You see, Sir, I make him compare his mistress to the things he loves best.

Puz. True; beef and pudding! a happy conceit. I am infinitely pleased with the subject and characters, and make no doubt but I shall be equally charmed with your conduct. I am sorry we can't give it a reading at present—In the evening you may command me—In the interim, take this as my firm opinion—my cool deliberate judgment—that your Piece has more of the true veritable pathos, than any tragedy I have seen these ten years.

Cram. You comfort me—and you'll bring it out?

Puz. It is my interest.

Cram. Your obliged and most devoted —will you have a letter wrote to you on your new project? or a copy of commendatory verses in one of the journals?

Puz. Bye-and-bye—it mayn't be amiss —In the mean time, the run of my kitchen, and a sop in the pan, when I roast, you may command.

Cram. It shan't cost you a farthing—Sir your most obedient humble servant.—(*Exit Crambo.*)

Puz. That's a genius! call in the players.

Prompt. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter Players.

Puz. So, gentlemen—I hope you have all taken pains to excel in your several parts —But there are some new candidates— What are you, sock or buskin?

Play. Shoes and boots, Sir.

Puz. What?

Prompt. He is the shoe-maker from Cranburn-alley, Sir.

Puz. Oh! I beg your pardon— honest Master Upperleather.

Upp. At your service, Sir.

Puz. And what—you are ambitious—nothing but a truncheon! tragedy, I suppose.

Upp. Yes! I likes that best.

Puz. Can you read?

Upp. I could, when I came from the charity school, near as well as my master—but I believe I have almost forgot.

Puz. Try—*(holds a book open to him).*

Upp. "Now are our bones broke with victories."

Puz. Often very true in fact—but not exact to the letter; however, I like your ignorance—you'll have the less to unlearn.—Come, gentlemen—now range yourselves to the right and left—

Enter MANLY *and* FREELOVE.

Ha! Mr. Freelove, I am your devoted servant—you find me in the hurry of business—in the midst of my nursery.

Freelove. May your plants prosper! I

have brought this gentleman, no slender critic I assure you, Mr. Puzzle, to wonder at your art.

Puz. He does me honour—hum!—in its infancy—its riper days may perhaps claim attention.

Manly. I am no stranger to your talents.

Puz. I think it will do—and should we fail here, I intend to write a treatise on elocution, and read lectures to both Universities*.—But to our business—range yourselves to the right and left—be silent and attentive.—I first lay down some general rules for the proper expression of the passions—you will afterwards discern their particular applications—take care—erect your heads and project your chests.—Very well! Now for the deportment of the hands—you can't but have observed how often they embarass the actor, gentlemen,—sometimes here, sometimes there;—in short, eternally in the way (*here the players exercise and move altogether, as directed*).—First

* Mr. Sheridan was at this time giving Lectures on *Elocution.*

invocation—*tendens ad sidera palmas*—Distinction—the pointed finger. Now anger—the clenched fist for rage—total relaxation, dilapidation, &c. for sorrow.—Very well. Now for a general disposition.

Erect your heads—clench your fists, throw your heads upon your left shoulders—start, and to the left about—exceedingly well!—a fine expression of anger! Now your grief—drop your heads—strike your breasts—dilate your jaws, and to the right about—very well!—drop your jaw a little lower (*here one of the players extends his mouth very wide*)—zounds! I must raise that man's salary to stop his mouth! Now for an application of those rules to a particular part:—Advance Bounce—take a turn or two—there's a well-form'd figure for you, fall of shoulders, fine features!—he shall treat you with a rant in *Othello**—you will then judge of his powers:—begin at "Othello's occupation's gone."—Now catch at me, as you would tear the very strings and all—

* The scene between *Puzzle* and *Bounce* was meant for mimicking Macklin teaching Barry *Othello*.

keep your voice low—loudness is no mark of passion—mind your attitude.

Bounce. "Villain!"

Puz. Very well!

Bounce. "Be sure you prove my love a whore."

Puz. Admirable!

Bounce. "Be sure on't."

Puz. Bravo!

Bounce. "Give me the ocular proof."

Puz. Lay your emphasis a little stronger upon oc—oc—oc—

Bounce. "Oc—oc—ocular proof."

Puz. That's right.

Bounce. "Or by the worth of my eternal soul, thou had'st better been born a dog."

Puz. Grind *dog* a little more—"d-o-o-g, Iago."

Bounce. "A d-o-og, Iago, than answer my wak'd wrath."

Puz. Charming! now quick *(speaking all the time).*

Bounce. "Make me to see it, or at least so prove it, that the probation bears no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on—or—woe."

Puz. A little more terror upon *woe*—wo—o—e, like a mastiff in a tanner's yard —wo—o—oe *(they answer each other*—wo—o—o—oe, *&c.)*

Bounce. "Upon thy life! if thou dost slander her, and *torture me.*"

Puz. (pushing him away). Oh! go about your business,—'twont do,—go—go—go—am sorry I have given you this trouble.

Bounce. Why, Sir, I—

Freelove. Oh! Mr. Puzzle, let me intercede for him.

Puz. (imitating Macklin). Sir, do you consider the mode of the mind—that a man's soul is tost, and lost, and crost, and his entrails broiling on a gridiron—bring it from the bottom of your stomach, Sir,—with a grind as "TO—R—R—R—"

Bounce. "Tor—r—torture me!"

Puz. That's my meaning.

Bounce. "Never pray more—abandon all remorse."

Puz. Now—out with your arm and show your chest—there's a figure!

Bounce. "On horror's head—"

Puz. Now out with your voice.

Bounce. "Horrors accumulate."

Puz. Now tender.

Bounce. "Do deeds to make Heaven weep."

Puz. Now terror.

Bounce. "All earth amaz'd! for nothing cans't thou to damna—"

Puz. Grind "na—na—na—nation."

Bounce. "Na—na—nation add, greater than that."

Puz. Now throw me from you and I'll yield—very well!—keep that attitude—your eye fixed—there's a figure! there's a contrast! His majestic rage—and my timorous droop-um—"Are you a man—have you a soul or sense?"—Stay—stay—this will never do—we must think of some mechanical means to keep your fire alive—such as whispering to yourself—"oh! hah!—bitch! hell!" &c. &c.

Bounce (repeats after him). "Oh! ah! bitch! hell!" &c.

Puz. That's the mode of the mind: for if you observe the physical operations of

nature, and the moral agency of the passions —when the soul is so far analyzed, as that the corporeal is entirely swallowed by the intellectual—why then the organical powers are as it were stagnated—for stagnation I define to be a total absence or secession—so that the —— I am amazed (*in imitation of Macklin*)—how—do you like him?

Freeman. Under so able an instructor he cannot fail.

Puz. Oh! this is nothing! I have, Mr. Freelove, more imagination than I know how to employ—more exquisite conceptions than I know how to be delivered of—This!—why this is nothing; this, Sir, is but a small part of my intention.

Freeman. What else, good Sir?

Puz. Why, in this cockpit—in this little round O, I intend to encircle all that can please and entertain—Burlettas, plays, lectures, bears, beasts, dancing dogs, and puppet-shews.

Manly. Puppet-shews!

Puz. Aye, Sir.

Manly. How do you contrive that?

Puz. That's the mystery—guess.

Manly. Faith I can't.

Puz. Then I'll tell you.—Why as puppets are, you know, calculated to represent men and women; I make men and women imitate puppets.

Freelove. A most ingenious device!

Puz. Is it not? I think we shall be even with the little gentry—but still I see a cloud of doubt upon your brow; to remove that, take a short specimen of my intentions—

(Here the puppets.)

Manly. Was there ever such a coxcomb?

Freelove. Never—He is lively though—

Manly. Come, Freelove, let's march—I am satisfied.

Freelove. No, no, let's have 'em all.—Upon my word, Mr. Puzzle, this is a masterpiece of invention.

Puz. Oh! mine is an olio—something to be found that will hit every taste—for those who don't like pork we have partridge.

Freeman. But your burletta—how is that brought about, Sir?

Puz. Oh! I have subjects in every science:—without, Prompter! are the burletta people in waiting?

Prompt. Not come, Sir.

Puz. Why then call Wilkinson, he shall give his imitations.

Prompt. He is not in the house, Sir.

Puz. No!—What! not in the way to give his imitations! he is very negligent—but to prevent disappointment in the entertainment, I will give them myself.

(Here Wilkinson in the character of Foote, as Puzzle, gave an imitation of Foote and Mrs. Clive in Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and other characters, which filled up more than a quarter of an hour.)

Puz. That's unlucky!—but as all their materials are derived from me, I can give you a sketch of their execution.

Freeman. In what language?

Puz. Why, as we have already, Heaven be praised! nonsense enough in our own language, I intend confining that to the original—Italian.

Manly. It won't be understood.

Puz. Did you ever know nonsense that was? a smart remark that of yours.

Enter Prompter, who whispers PUZZLE.

Puz. The devil!

Prompt. This instant, Sir, the clerk waits for you.

Puz. A most mortifying interruption, gentlemen; I am immediately summoned before their Worships at Westminster, with severe threats if I proceed to execute my intended plan. D—n'd hard though, that poison should be allowed free vent at Sadler's Wells* and Islington, and an embargo laid on sound sense and satire at Drury-lane.

Freeman. Severe indeed!

Puz. However, I shall trespass upon their patience for a quarter of an hour, to give you a hint of my burletta.

(Here the burletta.)

Puz. Gentlemen, your servant—if you can stay half an hour I will see you again—if not, "report me and my cause aright."—*(Exit Puzzle.)*

* Alluding to the bad wine then sold at these places.

Freelove. Poor devil! Are you satisfied, Manly, or shall we wait his return?

Manly. No, I have enough. But you have missed your aim, Freelove. I am no proselyte to your pleasures: I long for my Sabine field; and when so distinguished a genius as Mr. Puzzle suffers persecution, I may say with the descendant of the great censor,

"The post of honour is a private station."

THE

TRIAL OF SAMUEL FOOTE Esq.

FOR

A LIBEL ON PETER PARAGRAPH,

PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, 1763.

Characters.

The Judge ..... Mr. LEWIS, Sen.
Counsellor DEMUR (*ag. Foote*) ..... } Mr. KENNEDY.
Counsellor QUIRK..... Mr. FOOTE *.

Scene—the four Courts, Dublin.

Judge—Counsel—Lawyers, &c. &c.

DEMUR. My Lord, I am counsel against this Mr. Fot, and a pretty sort of a parson this Fot is every inch of him *(coughs)* —You may say that—whe—hee—*(a deep*

* Mr. Foote, when retired from the court, slipped off his counsellor's wig and gown, and appeared as himself.

cough); but I should be glad to know what kind of right now this Fot has to be any body at all but himself. Indeed, my Lord, I look upon it, that he may be indicted for forgery—whe—hee—hee *(coughing)*—Every body knows that it is a forgery to take off a man's hand, and why not as bad as to take off a man's leg; beside, my Lord, it concerns yourself—yourself—for, God's willing, I don't despair in a little time of seeing your Lordship on the stage.

A pretty sort of business this, that your Lordship is to be taken off the bench, there, where you are sitting, without your knowing any thing—*at all—at all* of the matter, and all the while, that to your thinking, you are passing sentence here in the four courts, you may, for what you can tell, be hearing causes in the Haymarket.—So that, gentlemen of the jury, if you have a mind to keep yourselves to yourselves, and not suffer any body else to be, but you, yourselves, and your Lordship does not choose to be in London, whilst you are living in Dublin, you will find the prisoner Fot guilty.

Judge. I agree entirely with my brother Demur, that this Fot is a most notorious offender, and ought to be taken measure of, and taught how dangerous a thing it is for him to tread upon other people's toes; and so as my brother observes, to prevent his being so free with other *people's legs*—we will lay him by the *heels.*

Quirk. My Lord, I move to quash this indictment, as irregular, and totally void of precision:—it is there said that Fot did, by force of *arms,* imitate the *lameness,* &c. of said Peter Paragraph.—Now as we conceive this imitation could not be executed by the *arms,* but by the *legs* only—we apprehend the *laving* out *legs,* and putting in *arms,* corrupts and nullifies said indictment.

Demur. Fye—brother Quirk—the precedents are all quite *clane* against you; vide Serjeant Margin's Reports, chap. ix, p. 42, line 6, Magra against Murg.—Magra was indicted for assaulting by force of arms said Murg, by giving him a kick in the breech, and it was held good.

Judge. Where, brother Demur?

Demur. Chap. ix, p. 42, line 6. Magra against Murg.

Judge. Magra against Murg!

Demur. And in the same book, notwithstanding the same objection, Phelim O'Flanagan, for the *murder of his wife*, was found guilty of *Manslaughter*.

Quirk. My Lord—

Judge. You are, brother, out of season in your objection; you are too early; we will first find the traverser guilty of the indictment, and then we will consider if the indictment is good for any thing or not.

Demur. Yes, that is the rule—that is the law, every word of it.

Quirk. I submit.

Demur. Now, we will proceed to fix the fact upon Fot.—Call Dermot O'Dirty—This is a little bit of a printer's devil.

Quirk. We object to this witness.

Demur. Why so?

Quirk. He was convicted last Trim

assizes of perjury, and condemned to be whipped.

Judge. And was he whipped?

Quirk. No, my Lord, he ran away from the gaoler.

Judge. Is he in court?

Demur. Yes.

Judge. Why, in his present state O'Dirty is doubtless an incompetent witness; for not having suffered the law,—the books aver, he can not be believed—but in order to restore his credit at once—here, gaoler, take Dermot O'Dirty into the street, and flog him handsomely; he will, by that means, become *rectus in curia*, and his testimony admitted of course.

Demur. Aye—that is the law: I have often known the truth whipped out of a man, but your Lordship has found the way to flog it into him again.

Judge. True, brother—I would not give twopence to try an innocent man, unless a jury could be found to bring him in guilty.—An able magistrate should have all the properties of a thorough-bred hound

—be a good finder—a staunch pursuer, and a keen killer; for the great duty of a judge is to punish, and I am never so well *pleased* as when *I am doing my duty.*

Demur. Oh! I know it, my Lord, you are a worthy magistrate.—Why, your Lordship is likely to have a great deal of pleasure this sessions, as there is a large list of prisoners I hear.

Judge. Yes, brother, and, Heaven be praised! a good many for capital crimes!—I think, brother, if I have any luck, I shall be able to hang ten or a dozen.

Demur. Aye!

Judge. Aye—besides larcenies and other offences—why, I don't despair, God willing—to give this Fot a very good flogging.

Demur. Indeed! why your Lordship will grow as fat as a pig. But I believe, my Lord, you have entirely lost one great branch of your business.

Judge. I am sorry for that, brother—what can that be?

Demur. Treason—by my shoul, his Majesty's subjects all like their young

master so well, that I don't believe you can find a traitor in all his dominions.

Judge. Oh! I shall be no great loser by that, the Irish have been always so obstinately loyal, that that branch never brought any great business to the bench—but proceed.

Quirk. I am instructed, my Lord, by my client, to move to put off this trial for want of a witness.

Judge. I cannot consent to that.

Quirk. We conceive this to be a natural right.

Judge. Aye—in common cases—such as a *rape,* or a *murder,* it is never denied—but this is a *libel,* and to be considered as a very heinous offence, and I question very much whether it does not amount to a nuisance, and fall under the legal description of a dunghil.

Demur. It is bad enough, to be certain; but, however, if the prisoner will give security, my Lord, that he will remove his dunghil, and not carry any more my client Peter Paragraph into company where he is

not—why we will consent to put off the trial—and indeed he ought to be bound to keep the *pace* to all his Majesty's subjects, and be forced to be *only himself*, all the while he stays here, but that I believe would be rather too hard upon him, for as he is so used to put on other people's faces, that I question very much if he has got ever a one of his own.

Judge. Be it so—

Quirk. Now, my Lord, I move for an information against Peter Paragraph for a libel.

Judge. Upon whom?

Quirk. Upon himself.

Judge. Himself!

Quirk. Aye—for if my client is a libeller for writing *The Orators*, Peter Paragraph, for printing and publishing it, is as guilty as he every whit *.

Judge. Unquestionably! take an information against Paragraph for libelling himself.

* It is a whimsical truth, that George Faulkner actually printed, published, and sold, *The Orators*.

Demur. How!

Judge. Whilst I sit here, I will take care that none of the King's subjects shall take the liberty to libel themselves.

Demur. But he is the prosecutor.

Judge. That may be, brother Demur—but an information is too good a thing not to be given, and I could not help granting it—though it was against my father himself—the Court is adjourned—

(Exeunt all but Quirk.)

Quirk. Will you desire Mr. Fot to walk in—faith I am sorry this affair has taken such a turn—Where is he? Oh! you must drop all proceedings against Peter.

Mr. Foote. That's hard—I have, Mr. Counsellor, thrown a few couplets together; that, perhaps, may supply that deficiency, and I should be glad of your opinion—whether I could speak them with safety.

Quirk. Let us have them?

Foote.

Hush! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?

With art laconic, noting all that's said,
Malice at heart—indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clam'rous legions of the bar!
Is there none such?—Not one; then *entre nous*
I will a tale unfold, though strange—yet true;
The application must be made by you.
At Athens, once fair Queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen * of moderate parts;
Precise his manner, and *demure his looks*,
His mind unletter'd—though he dealt in books:
Amorous, though old; though dull—*loved repartee* †,
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily.
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth*, or *ed*;
In *hath*, and *doth*, was seldom known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale;
With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
And once (it hath been said) was near being knighted.

---

* George Faulkner.

† The words in *italics* were acted in imitation of Faulkner.

One Aristophanes, a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ,
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice—his looks—his gestures, gait and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene;
Loud peals of plaudits through the circles ran,
All felt the satire—for all knew the man.
Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd—the lawyer strokes his band—
"The case you put I fully understand.
"The thing is plain from Cocos's Reports,
"For rules of poetry an't rules of courts.
"A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it,"
A Grecian * constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour—scandalous abuse.

* The word *Grecian* is an appellation given to the natives of Ireland.

The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
The indulgent public set the pris'ner free;
Greece was to him—what Dublin is to me.
Now, Sir—your judgment———

Quirk. Why, should he make any further attack upon this occasion, I think

"Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis."

"The formal process will be held in sport,
And you dismiss'd with credit from the court."

AN

OCCASIONAL PRELUDE

PERFORMED AT THE OPENING OF THE

Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, 1767.

Dramatis Personæ.

Laconic,	MR. PALMER.
Snarl,	MR. WESTON.
Scaffold,	MR. BANNISTER.
Foote,	MR. FOOTE.

Scene—the Street.

Enter LACONIC *and* SNARL.

SNARL. WHAT! master Laconic, whither are you rambling this evening? To collect, I reckon, the coffee-house compliments on your late epigrammatical efforts.—Well! I must say, for a terse point, a happy surprise, or a visible quibble, there is no man in this town can match little Laconic.

Lac. O fye, Snarl! this amongst friends!

Snarl. Nay, so much detraction itself

must allow. Why, man, you are the very life and soul of the Chronicle; shut but the poets out of their corner, and we shall soon see an end of that paper.

Lac. I can't but say, Mr. Snarl, my conceits are pretty current in town—but then my genius is cramped. I could, perhaps, produce an epic equal to Virgil, or Iliad, or any of them there fellows of old; but to what end? Lack-a-day! I should never be read; no man's attention holds out now for more than six or eight lines—No—no, poor poetry is but a drug.

Snarl. Then why do you deal in it?

Lac. Nature impels:

"Whilst but a child, and yet unknown to Fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, and the numbers came."

A mere involuntary effusion of mine, a kind of poetical diabetes.

Snarl. Equally copious and insipid (*aside*).

Lac. Could I bridle my impulse, D—mn me, Mr. Snarl, if I could hitch a rhyme, or clench a couplet again, as long as I

lived.—No—no—the land of prose is the land of promise, aye, and of performance too: why, I dare say, you make more by a single letter from Leonora, or Buckhorse, or the Cobler of Cripplegate, than I do by a quire of epigrams.

Snarl. Our compositions are of a different kind, and have a different tendency.—Your purpose, my dear Laconic, is to amuse—mine, to reform; you tickle the ear with a rattle, a kind of jingling chime, which suits well enough with women and children; whilst I with my flapper rouze the public attention; and like another Hercules, my broom in my hand, cleanse this great Augean stable from every nuisance. To mend the world's a great design! Martial and Cato were different characters, Laconic.

Lac. I beg your pardon, my man of importance—Cato—hah! ha! ha! What! because you have filled up a ditch in Fleet-street—roused a slumbering watchman in the Strand—sent half a dozen beggars from

pitch and hustle to Bridewell—widened the Devil's-gap for lawyers, and brought a *habeas corpus* for a dunghil in Holborn.

Snarl. How!

Lac. These are thy triumphs—thy exploits, O Cato!

Snarl. Why, thou little clumsy fetterer of free-born English—thou slave to sounds—thou botcher of syllables—thou bawd to an echo: is it for thy circumscribed insignificant quill to record the public services of a Snarl?

Lac. They might with ease be cramm'd into a distich.

Snarl. Why, thou wasp of the buzzing creation, thou hast nought of the bee but his sting—answer me; who is it that has given decency to churches—politeness to play-houses—stability to the stocks, and security to the state, but a Snarl?

Lac. Why, as to the churches, if they all resemble that where I was last Sunday, the reform is not great; the ladies curtsied and whispered all the first part of the service,

and the churchwardens snored so loud that there was no hearing the sermon.

Snarl. Some paltry pewless place in the suburbs which the Gazetteer never reaches.

Lac. The play-houses still have their pantomimes; they have made one improvement, indeed, for most of their new things are now set to music; so that, though our ears are wounded, our understandings are safe.

Snarl. Barbarian! unharmonious Goth!

Lac. Change-alley is still crowded—the stocks are a staple commodity—witness the bulls, bears, &c.; and as to the state, I'm sure you can't think that secure, for your paper overturns it at least three times a week.

Snarl. What a little satirical whelp!

Lac. Whelp! aye

"The critics call me cur from what I write,
With reason too, for like a cur I bite."

There's an extempore for you, that I composed before breakfast this morning.

Snarl. I believe I had best make it up with the reptile.—Nay, Mr. Laconic,

you know I never denied the fire of your poetry.

Lac. Nor I the force of your prose—each in his walk, Mr. Snarl; but let us understand one another a little.—Like other actors before the public, indeed we ought to preserve the mask as well as we can, but when the curtain drops the deception should end.—My poetical flights are no more inspired by one of the Nine, than your prose animadversions are dictated by public spirit.

Snarl. Nay, but Laconic!—

Lac. The inducement with both is the same—(*eating*).

Snarl. Why! can you think I am in want of——

Lac. A dinner—sometimes I do.—What, don't I know the tricks of your trade, the old plan of plaintiff and defendant—Theatricus condemns,—Leonora defends,—Buckhorse reviles,—Tranquillus retorts,—what the Director asserts the Proprietor denies,—whilst all the time Theatricus, Leonora, Buckhorse, Tranquillus, the Director, and

the Proprietor, all centre in one individual, called Timothy Snarl.

Snarl. Well—well—I see you have a mind to be pleasant, but a truce to our jangling—for what port are you bound?

Lac. A neighbouring one—the new house in the Haymarket.

Snarl. Thither I am steering.

Lac. I suppose on the same design as myself—to observe?

Snarl. And communicate.

Lac. Why, I think it hard if I don't find food for my muse.

Snarl. And the devil's in it if a new play-house wont furnish a paper.

Lac. Allons!—but what pretence can we have to get on the stage?

Snarl. Here's a letter to introduce a young actress.

Lac. That will do.

Snarl. This Foote has given you good food in his time. I remember how brilliant you was upon his misfortune about a twelvemonth ago.

Lac. True! true!

Snarl. Ah! how sweetly you rung the chimes upon Foote and leg, and leg and foot—ah!—

Lac. Yes—that accident was lucky enough; it furnished our paper in clinches and stings for more than a month—but won't you knock? *(Snarl knocks).*

Enter a Servant.

Snarl. Is your master within?

Ser. On the stage, Sir.

Snarl. Could we see him?

Ser. If you please, Sir.

Snarl. lead the way. *(Exeunt.)*

Curtain draws up.

(Mr. *Foote* and *Servant* discovered.)

Ser. A couple of gentlemen, Sir.

Foote. Shew them in.

Enter SNARL *and* LACONIC.

Snarl. Here's a letter; when you have perused the contents I should be glad of your answer.

Foote. Sir, you shall have it.

Snarl. I suppose there's no harm in taking a view?

Foote. By no means. *(Foote withdraws.)*

Lac. Ah! pretty enough! hark'ee, Snarl, this architecture! what order do you call it?

Snarl. Chinese.

Lac. I thought so, it looks so like a pagoda.

Snarl. Exactly!—d——d absurd, and quite out of nature!

Lac. Why the pit's in the cellar.

Snarl. And the gods in the clouds—and as to the boxes—

Lac. They are push'd into the street—then the stage—hold—what have we here?

Snarl. As I live a couple of ladies*.

Lac. Who are they?

Snarl. Oh! this inscription will tell us—Prisca;—z—ds 'tis in Latin! pox take these impertinent puppies; what need any language to Englishmen but English? but they must be showing their learning.—Hark'ee, Laconic! you understand Latin.

Lac. Latin! *ad anquem.*

Snarl. Who is this same lass we have got here?

* Two figures, representing ancient and modern comedy.

Lac. Pris—comedia—Oh! are you there? hah! hah! was there ever so absurd a design?

Snarl. What's the matter?

Lac. To put for a frontispiece a paltry comedian—it is only *Priscilla,* that's all.

Snarl. Priscilla!—who was she?

Lac. She was an actress in Betterton's time—her name is in the old folio edition of Shakspeare, a good low comedian, but infernally ugly.

Snarl. I can't say her figure was much in her favour.

Lac. No—an absolute fright—but a vast fund of humour—she was the Clive of the company.

Snarl. And now for the other.

Lac. A bird of the same feather—*sublato jure nocendi,*—the inscription does not tell us her name—but the hint is not a bad one for that gentleman there.

Snarl. What is it?

Lac. To beware of a jury.

Snarl. Alluding, I suppose, to what befel him in Ireland.

Lac. Not unlikely—but he is here—— upon my word, Mr. What d'ye-call-um, you have made great alterations here.

Foote. I hope you approve them?

Snarl. As to that, we have not had time to consider minutely; but what do you say to my letter?

Foote. I am referred for the lady's qualifications to you, Sir—I suppose her figure———

Snarl. Is fine.

Foote. Her age.

Snarl. But eighteen.

Foote. *Flos ipse.*

Snarl. No—that's not her name.

Foote. Her voice.

Snarl. Harmonious!

Foote. With power.

Snarl. As loud as a trumpet, then she sings like an angel.

Foote. Indeed!

Snarl. And is a perfect mistress of music.

Foote. These are valuable requisites for

our profession—could I have the honour of seeing the lady?

Snarl. Whenever you please.

Foote. The sooner the better—to-morrow.

Snarl. At what hour?

Foote. Betwixt eleven and twelve.

Snarl. You'll not disappoint me?

Foote. You may rely upon me.

Snarl. Very well;—come Laconic—but stay—there is one circumstance it may be proper to mention, as perhaps it may prove an objection.

Foote. What is it?

Snarl. As to the young gentlewoman's colour; the lady's a black-a-moor.

Foote. A black!

Snarl. Yes.

Lac. Z——ds! Snarl—what!—a curl-pated negroe?

Snarl. Aye—I suppose that won't make any difference.

Foote. None at all—a good actress, like a good horse, can't be of a bad colour. I beg I may see her.

Snarl. You shall:—your servant.

(*Exeunt Laconic and Snarl.*)

Foote. Your very obedient.—Do you know who these gentlemen are?

Serv. No, Sir—but there is one wants you without, that you know.

Foote. Who is he?

Serv. The builder.

Foote. Oh! bid him come in.

Enter SCAFFOLD.

Foote. Well, master Scaffold, what's the best news with you?

Scaffold. Servant, master, I hope things are as they should be?

Foote. Perfectly.

Scaff. *Convenent,* and *greeable,* and quite *a-propos!*

Foote. If the public, whose servant I am, are but satisfied, you are sure of my voice.

Scaff. Why, I don't see any fault they can find—the *orchester* is rather too small.

Foote. No, pretty well!

Scaff. Aye at present—but if in the

winter you should choose to have *rora-torios*, you will scarce have room for the *hapsicol*.

Foote. Oh! that may be easily altered.

Scaff. True—well, master Foote—now let us talk a little of business.

Foote. Oh! the deuce!

Scaff. A pretty long account—here it is (*shows the bill*).

Foote. Very well—but why do you bring it to me?

Scaff. To you—to be paid to be sure.

Foote. I pay you!

Scaff. Without doubt.

Foote. No—there you are mistaken, my good master Scaffold; you are much better off—it is these ladies and gentlemen who are to be your paymasters.

Scaff. What! the gentlefolks above and below?

Foote. Aye—the whole public; for if they don't, I am sure it is out of my power.

Scaff. Why—I can't but say but my security is mended; that is, if so be as how

they be willing—but—ah!—this is one of your skits now—ah! you'll never leave off—but come, master Foote, you should not be long-winded, consider what expedition we have made—all this work here in three months; a tight job, master Foote.

Foote. And you, master Scaffold, claim much merit from that.

Scaff. To be sure.

Foote. Look into the pit.

Scaff. Well—I do.

Foote. I will undertake, that less than half that number of hands shall undo more work in an hour, than you can complete in a year.

Scaff. May be so—I see there is amongst them some tight likely lads—but come, master, let us now be *serus* a little.

Foote. Upon my word I am serious; I consider myself but as a trustee for the public; and what their generosity bestows upon me, I will most justly assign over to you.

Scaff. Aye!—why then since that is the case, let us hear a little of how and about

it—Well now, what scheme, what plan have you got, to give a jog to the generous?

Foote. Why, I have somethings they have liked, and others that I hope they will like.

Scaff. What, I suppose men and women, and talking stuff that you take out of play-books.

Foote. Of that kind.

Scaff. Ah!—pox! they will never do—could not you give them a christening, or a funeral! or hey!—aye—that is the best of them all—Zooks! let them have a *crown-ation.*

Foote. No.

Scaff. No! why not? why then we shall have them crowd hither in shoals.

Foote. No, no, Scaffold;

"No long processions crowd my narrow scenes,
Lamp-lighting peers and mantua-making queens."

Scaff. Why, as you say, that work is little better than *scandalous magnatum*—hey! gad I have a thought! odd rot it, give 'em a pantomime. I likes to see that little

patch-clouted feller slap one, and kick t'other, and then pop—he is out of the window.

Foote. "Nor shall great Philip's son,
through our crime,
Sully his triumph by a pantomime."

Scaff. Philip! pshaw—I'd never mind Philip, nor any of the family; what harm can they do you? Come do, and I'll bate of my bill—do—for the carpenter's credit.

Foote. Your credit?

Scaff. Aye—and to punish the pragmatical poets, for in that kind of work you will have no occasion for them—there, you know, our trade takes the lead.

Foote. Well—well—we'l feel a little for the taste of the town, and if no other method can be found of paying your bill—for we, Mr. Scaffold, may assume what airs of reforming we please—the stage is at best but an echo of the public voice—a mere rainbow—all its gaudy colours arise from reflection, or as a modern bard more happily says—

" The drama's laws—the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live."

Scaff. What then, after all, I find I am in a hobble.

Foote. May be not—come—hope for the best.—Prompter?

Prompter. Sir?

Foote. Are the actors ready to open?

Prompt. Immediately.

Foote. Stay and see the result of this evening.

Consult with care each countenance around,
Not one malignant aspect can be found,
To check the royal hand that rais'd me from the ground.

(Exeunt omnes.)

A LETTER

FROM

MR. FOOTE

TO THE

REVEREND AUTHOR

OF THE

"REMARKS, CRITICAL AND CHRISTIAN,"

ON THE

MINOR.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRGIL.
Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans les ames des devots?

SIR,

THOUGH no man can have a higher reverence for that order among us, to which you lay claim, than myself, yet the jargon of the Tabernacle has so perverted the common meaning of words, that I am extremely puzzled in what manner to address you; it being impossible to determine from the title you assume, whether you are an authorized pastor or a peruke-maker; a real clergyman or a corn-cutter. But as I think a few faint

traces of a liberal education may be discerned in your pamphlet, I shall make no scruple to treat you with a respect you have thought fit to deny me.

Your title-page, I think, promises a series of remarks, critical and christian, on the *Minor;* to these give me leave to add a third species of criticism, frequently to be found in your pamphlet; which, as it appears to me to want the judgment of the critic, and the candour of the christian, we will venture to call *remarks methodistical.* This kind of argumentation has in one circumstance a visible superiority over every other; for though the schools are divided, whether the Socratic or Aristotelic be the *optimus methodus,* they will all concur in allowing this to be the *pessimus methodus veritatem investigandi.*

In this last order I consider the terms of obloquy with which you have bespattered the *Minor* in your title:—"A certain droll or interlude called the *Minor;* played, as is said, by authority." Authority! ay, authority! What! do you suppose that I play as

you preach, upon my own authority? No, Sir, a religion turned into a farce is, by the constitution of this country, the only species of the drama that may be exhibited for money without permission. But to return.

A droll or interlude among the Greeks, I take to have been one function of the chorus; and with us at the Theatres it is the dance, in Tottenham-court-road, the ballad or musical entertainment, which fills up the space between the different parts of the performance. Now, this office the *Minor* did not execute, being himself the substantial standing dish, and having the honour of that kind of garnish to attend him.—Now as to the *Minor's* being a droll: droll is a vague expression; I conceive it means a species of writing, which those who speak with propriety would choose to distinguish by the name of farce; a kind of theatrical, not dramatic, entertainment, always exhibited at fairs, and too frequently produced at playhouses: a sort of hodge-podge dressed by a Gothic cook, where the mangled limbs of probability, common sense,

and decency, are served up to gratify the voracious cravings of the most depraved appetites: this I call farce.

Comedy, on the other hand, I define to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people among whom it happens to be performed; a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished, for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the whole community. This is, Sir, one of the happy points, which every comic author should have in view, and is distinguished by the Roman critic as the *utile*: the other point, the *dulce*, I conceive to be the fable, the construction, machinery, conduct, plot, and incidents of the piece: in short, Sir, the vehicle, which is to render the wholesome physic of reproof palatable to the squeamish patient.

If this be a right definition, or, if you please, description of comedy, it is not the extent, but the objects of a piece, that must establish its title: a poem of one act may

prove an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce. I have troubled you with this distinction, as I cannot, even from your own strictures, collect any reason for your calling the *Minor* a farce, unless its being confined within the limits of three acts. I should hope the characters it contains are not strained above the modesty of nature, nor the employment I have given them, unsuitable to their rank, or inconsistent with their situation.

Having thus rescued my title from your rage, we will, in your own order, first consider your critical, and then your christian remarks.

You set out with accusing me of reviving the ancient comedy. But in this charge you are, Sir, at once erroneous and unjust. You err in your notions of the nature of the ancient comedy; and are unjust in attributing its revival to me, when at the same time that honour is solely due to the reverend gentleman whose advocate you are: but for the better determining this question, let us consider where the spe-

cific difference lies between the ancient, middle, and modern comedy.

The ancient comedy was a representation of real persons and facts; in the middle comedy the persons were real, and the facts feigned; in the modern, both the persons and the facts were fictitious. Now, Sir, though in the *Minor* you may call some of the characters real, yet you must at least allow the fable to be an invention: that piece, therefore, wants just half its construction to be ranked in the order of ancient comedies.

But let us on the other hand consider the claims of *your hero* for a niche near Thespis in the temple of Apollo; and for this purpose we will examine one of his pieces, to which I was a spectator. The piece is pretty well known; and, after the manner of Aristophanes and Plautus, we will distinguish it from the principal incident by the name of *Mutton* a comedy.

As an introduction to this entertainment, we were told by the chorus or prologue, that the persons were then living, that the dialogue really happened between them, and that the catastrophe of the leg of mut-

ton and turnips was a literal fact. In this composition, you see, Sir, we have at once every member of the ancient comedy. The method of declaiming, or conveying it too, was precisely after the Greek, in recitative; and though we had not the accompaniment of the *tibiæ dextræ* and *sinistræ*, yet a melodious nasal twang, produced by an orchestra of old women, who surrounded the actor, amply supplied that deficiency. To this when I add, that, after the manner of Thespis, the piece was exhibited in a cart upon a common, not a single doubt can, I think, remain.

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis."

Perhaps the critics may object to the divine machinery of this piece, as believing the leg of mutton might have been produced with propriety enough by natural means.

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

But as the model of the *Mutton* was produced previous to the existence of Aristotle or Horace, it would be absurd in a professed imitator of that model to be directed

by their rules from this disquisition; then, Sir, the earnest inclination your reverend friend always shows to display his abilities in a cart, even though it be with a criminal at Tyburn, I think we may venture, without any impeachment of our understanding, to pronounce him the real restorer of the ancient Thespian cart comedy; to him, therefore, *libenter palmam do.*

Your next anathema is thundered out against one Aristophanes, a certain Greek comic poet, whose disciple you pronounce me to be; and to the unbounded license of whose execrable farces, produced and fostered by the corruption and depravity of the age, the untimely death of that excellent citizen and inimitable philosopher Socrates was owing. As to any resemblance you think you may have discovered between my little piece and the works of that great master, I am too much flattered with the comparison, to think of pointing out your mistake; I leave that task to my enemies. But from what quarter did you collect the rest of your materials? You must have either lost your historical knowledge, or

have sucked from some muddy gutter the impure stream with which you would pollute the brightest period the world ever saw. This was the æra when the attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen would have gone from a conference with Socrates to an oration from Demosthenes; and have closed his evening with the Electra of Sophocles, the Phædra of Euripides, the moral scenes of Mænander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes. Then flourished Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Isocrates, Thucydides, and Eschylus; men born to enlighten the human mind, and diffuse the glory of their country to latest posterity. No, Sir; the sacrifice of Socrates was reserved for the age of bigotry and abject slavery; when Lysander had changed the constitution of Athens from a democracy to an aristocracy; when the thirty rulers had established an absolute tyranny. "The clouds obscure the brightest star of the Achaian firmament." Why, Sir, that piece was exhibited *in* the eighth year of the Peloponesian war, *at least* twenty-six years before the death

of Socrates. Could a little slight harmless raillery, at what perhaps were foibles in the character of that great man, have excited such an inflammation in the minds of the multitude? It must have been at the time when Socrates was upon the spot, in the very Theatre where he had been drawn to make a discovery of his own imperfections with a declared resolution to amend them. But the real truth is, Sir, Socrates fell for the very fact which you charge as a crime upon Aristophanes; for his free, spirited, and personal invectives against Critias, one of the thirty rulers. The resentment of that tyrant, joined by the hatred the public bore Socrates for having been the instructor, the preceptor, of that very Critias, were the unhappy, only instruments that closed, before his time, the eyes of that first of philosophers *.

* Notwithstanding the distance of time between Socrates being ridiculed by Aristophanes, and his condemnation by the thirty tyrants; and notwithstanding the charge on which he was ostensibly condemned—that of aspersing the religion of his country—yet it is thought by the best critics, that his judges would not have dared

It is now, I think, pretty clear that the middle, or the comedy of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, flourished at Athens when that republic was at its highest pitch of perfection for virtue, arts, and arms; that with the Athenian liberty, fell the attic spirit and elegance; and that the comic muse enjoyed the fullness of her natural freedom till the principal citizens grew too wicked to hear their faults, and too hardened to mend them.

"Then fell Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead."

But before I quit this subject, I must produce you an authority or two to the honour of those greater writers whom you have thought fit to distinguish by the name of "farcical ribalds." Horace thinks it an infinite praise to Lucilius, that he had suc-

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to attack so moral a character under such garbled pretences, were it not, *that he was previously rendered ridiculous to the mass of the public by Aristophanes;* and what followed confirms this opinion, which was, that soon after the death of this virtuous man, the public, recovering their senses, sacrificed his accusers to their vengeance, bewailed their own besotted ignorance, and paid every degree of veneration and respect to his memory —E.

cessfully copied those poets, though but in a part of their merit.

"Hinc omnis pendit Lucilius, hosce sequtus
Mutatis tantum pedibus, numerisque facetus;
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus,
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus.——Hor. Sa. 4.

And Quintilian speaking of the middle comedy observes, "Etsi in insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen habet virium in cæteris etiam partibus; nam et grandis, et elegans, et venusta, et nescio an ulla (post Homerum) aut similior sit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior. Plures ejus auctores, Aristophanes tamen et Eupolis, Cratinusque, præcipui." Quin. lib. x. cap. 1.

Now, Sir, explain these passages to your reverend friend, and learn both of you to treat characters of such respect, and with whom you have so slight an acquaintance, with more manners and modesty.

But to proceed. Your parallel between the Tabernacle Saint and Socrates, at first, I own, greatly surprised me; there appearing to my weak capacity about as much affinity

between the two men as between Hippocrates the father of medicine and G. Rutter the cleaner of teeth. But upon a closer inquiry, I have discovered what will make the very hassocks at the Tabernacle, like the chairs in Dioclesian, jump for joy.

In short then, Sir, (there is no disguising or palliating the fact), Socrates, the divine Socrates, was, to all intents and purposes, an absolute methodist; fatally for himself, a deluded frantic methodist.

Strange as this assertion may appear, to what other sect can we apply his repeated declaration of being under the immediate influence of a demon, or familiar, that he had a voice within him that urged him to an action, or restrained him from it? φωνη φαινεσθαι σημαινουσα οτι ηξει ποιειν.—XENOPH.

Plutarch gravely relates an instance of this philosopher's delusion, every way worthy the journals of our modern methodist.—Socrates, walking with his friends at Athens, refused passing through a certain street, alleging that he was forbid by his familiar: but some of the company still persisting,

what was the consequence? a drove of dirty pigs furiously brushed by, and foully contaminated all their holiday clothes. Now, seriously speaking, with equal show of reason might not Socrates have paid his adoration to the clouds, as dethrone the gods of his country to make room for such a paltry finical deity as this same familiar? To instances like these, and the frivolity of some of his physical researches (which Aristophanes ridicules by introducing him measuring the jumps of a flea), Socrates is indebted for his personal appearance on the attic theatre.

Had Socrates been as sincere as he was manly and sensible in his declaration of being amended by the lectures of his comic countrymen, his judges would not have been told by him in the last and most important scene of his life, that he came unprepared with a defence, having been checked by his familiar whenever he attempted to frame it; but notwithstanding these shades (which we must attribute to human infirmity) in the portrait of Socrates, no man can have a higher veneration for the brighter and more

finished part of his picture. I do not indeed lament with you his not having been a christian, nor impute it to the vice of his education; for let that have been as it would, there seems to be an almost insuperable obstacle to his ever joining in one communion with us, viz. that he died in the ninety-fifth olympiad, just three hundred and ninety-nine years before CHRIST was born.

Your next remark, I think, was upon the cruelty and indecency of producing your friend* at the Theatre on the score only of a mere natural infirmity; an inconsiderable weakness in the optic nerve; which, instead of retaining the eyes in the reciprocal direction they are generally placed in, lets them loose to run rambling about the head. This criticism you sustain by an observation of my own, that provincial dialects are not the proper objects of comedy; and if not dialects, surely much less natural infirmities. Granted.

* Whitfield; supposed to be alluded to in the character of *Doctor Squintum*.—E.

But if men, with these infirmities, will attempt things which those very infirmities have rendered them incapable of properly executing, it is their own fault if the source that should acquire them compassion degenerates into a fountain of ridicule. My Lord Lanesborough's gout would have hardly found a place in Mr. Pope's page, if it had not hobbled a minuet at court; nor should Dr. Squintum have shown the whites of his eyes at the Haymarket, if he had confined his circumspection to the tap-room of the Bell at Gloucester; or, after his admission to the ministry, modestly submitted to the decent duties of a country cure. But if, in despight of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive, but ludicrous; a dialect not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment not only awkward, but savage; he will produce himself to the whole public, and there deliver doctrines equally heretical and absurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he must expect to have his pretensions

to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied.

A word more on this subject, if you please. One great superiority of the christian religion over every other institution, and at the same time an incontestable proof of its divine origin, is, I believe you will allow, the rationality of its principles. Its doctrines are not calculated to captivate the passions, but inform the understanding; not framed for conquest, but conviction.

How then should this system be submitted to the mind for its assent: with a modesty, candour, and moderation, resembling its own simplicity; or with a bigotted, intemperate, furious zeal, which can only become the tripod of the delphic oracle, or the celebration of the frantic feasts of Bacchus? M. Voltaire, in his *Letters on the English Nation*, has bestowed a brilliant panegyric on the decent declamation and demeanour of the protestant divines, when opposed to the inflated boisterous *capucinades* of the ministers in the Gallican church. To his judicious observations I shall therefore refer you.

But you might, my good Sir, have given a much better reason than a natural infirmity for your friend's not appearing at the Theatre in the Haymarket, and have taken it from my own words too. Being pressed, in the introduction to *The Minor*, for an imitation of the actors, I declined the task, by urging, that to render them ridiculous in their profession, might, in its consequences, prove prejudicial to their purses. Now, after this declaration, I am not quite clear that I ought to have taken the liberty I did with my brother Squintum.

You, in the next place, Sir, affirm (with an intrepidity, which, considering your avowed ignorance in dramatic productions, is a little astonishing), that Mr. Foote, among the moderns, is the only man who has produced real characters upon the stage.

What think you of a countryman of ours, one Shakspeare? In travelling through his page, did you never meet with a boorish, illiterate, trifling, tedious country justice, called *Shallow*? Have you never heard that

this man's real name was *Lucy?* and that his inflexible severity to our author, for a venial slip in his youth, procured him a seat in the temple of folly, "condemned to everlasting fame?"

Perhaps too, Sir, before you became so totally spiritualized, you might have read, that in a neighbouring kingdom there did exist, during the reign of Lewis XIV, a certain eminent poet and player, called *Jean Baptist Molière.* To this knowledge give me leave to add a little further information; that the said poet did produce a most excellent comedy called *Tartuffe;* the subject of which is false devotion, or religious hypocrisy; that the principal character was so strongly marked, as to be notoriously known for one of the first magistrates of the kingdom*. This comedy still continues an ornament to the French Theatre. But had comedy

* This piece of Molière's is mentioned as well on account of its subject as personality; but we might add, that there is scarce a single play of his but has a real living character. The *Cocu Imaginaire.* M. de Montausier in the *Misantrope.* The Duke de Feuiliade in the *Critique* on *l'Ecole des Femmes,* &c. &c. &c.

been silent in these latter times on personal failings, surely satire has exerted her voice. Has Dryden or Pope spared manners or men? Has la Bruyère or Boileau, though the slaves of arbitrary power, been more civil to sinners? "Ay, but they attacked vices." Are follies then more sacred than vices? Are men less ashamed of being wicked than absurd?

And are you really puzzled for the precise meaning of the word enthusiasm? Why, then, I will give it to you: but take this by the way, that the term was never applied by me to the leader of the methodists, but to his deluded disciples only; for the very essence of an enthusiast is, that though mistaken, he is sincere; though erroneous, he is in earnest.

Enthusiasm in divinity is a kind of a religious phrensy, that mistakes the dictates of an inflamed imagination, the vapours of a troubled brain, for the operation of a divine possession, the effects of an immediate inspiration. Nor is it material that the enthusiast should think himself the person in-

spired; if his distempered judgment bestows the same attribute on any other individual, his delusion is equally the same; you have now my reason for distinguishing, in this place, the pastor from his flock.

Enthusiasm in arts, is that effort of genius, that glow of fancy, that ethereal fire, which, at particular times, transports the artist beyond the limits of his usual execution, and produces a height of perfection, which, in his cooler hour, is astonishing even to himself. Nor is this Promethean heat, this divine fervour, confined to any particular subject; but is as discernible in a Hudibras as a Milton; in the comic pencil of a Hogarth, as the serious designs of a Raphael. With this last kind of enthusiasm the methodists have little to do; and indeed it very rarely falls out that they who are possessed by the one are happy in the enjoyment of the other.

You seem to think, Sir, that the loyalty of your favourite pastor should screen his ignorance, and shelter his imposition. Why, though it may appear a little surprising, that

a priest, who has thrown off all obedience and subjection to his legal directors, in religious concerns, should own any superior in temporal ones; yet, surely, there can be no great merit in an attachment to that government, whose title he has not only acknowledged, but by the most solemn and repeated obligations, engaged himself to support.

I did not, indeed, at first conceive of what consequence to the public your friend's political creed could be, till you yourself have given me a most alarming reason. Twenty thousand men are, it seems, ready to take the field, whenever their spiritual guide shall give the word of command. I am very sorry, Sir, that any such power should be lodged in other hands than where the constitution has thought proper to place it, but more especially in *such* hands. The asiatick impostor subjugated almost all the East with less than half that number of men; but as I suppose this declaration will be canvassed in another place, and, if true, its consequences properly guarded against, I shall refer it to their consi-

deration, to whom it more immediately belongs.

But as we are fond of the most trifling anecdotes relative to the lives or principles of men eminent in their generation, give me leave to treat you with the fortunate cause that first fixed your friend in the interest of the present establishment.

The county of Gloucester was, during the infancy of our hero, divided into two political parties; his mother, who then presided at the Bell, a principal inn in the metropolis of the province, a thrifty, worldly woman, determined, if possible, to conciliate the favour of each party. To this purpose she made both her sons subservient almost as soon as they were born; the eldest (who now keeps the Bell) she christened James, in honour of the Pretender; her next (who now keeps the Tabernacle) she christened George, in compliment to the late King. Their education and employments were suited to their several appellations: George, from waiting behind the chairs of the loyalists, became a zealous whig; and James, from a constant attendance on the

liberal potations of the disaffected, became a rigid jacobite. I do not give entire credit to the report, that the invention of soaping the tops of the pewter pots to diminish the liquor and increase and sustain the froth, was the invention of our hero; nor that the conversion of the bident into a trident, by which, instead of two, you chalk three for one, can be attributed to him: I have besides heard his mother frequently declare that he was a dull, stupid, heavy boy, totally incapable of their business. Nor is the tradition of my landlady's dreaming, during her pregnancy with our hero, that she was brought to-bed of a tinder-box, which, from a collision of the flint and steel made by the midwife, conveyed certain sparks to the adjoining cathedral, and soon reduced it to ashes, a bit less fabulous: this is a fiction, circulated by his bigoted followers, as denoting the total subversion of the established church by his means, but it has no foundation.

I think, Sir, I have now pretty well foiled the force of your critical remarks, by proving, that the *Minor* is neither an interlude,

droll, or species of the ancient comedy; that Socrates received no other injury from Aristophanes, than a laughing rebuke, for follies that fully deserved it; that men, with natural infirmities, when they attempt things those very infirmities have rendered them incapable of executing, are fit objects for satire; that your friend is that object; that a comedy's being local or temporary, is so far from being a moral or critical fault, that it constitutes its chiefest merit, and that the exhibition of real characters has been the practice of the first poets in the most polished and enlightened times. We now come to your christian observation, which I flatter myself we shall find full as feeble as your critical.

The first object of your indignation is the stage in general; you condemn it, as being of pagan original.—So are sculpture, painting, and not only all the elegant, but most of the useful arts.

But you say they were exhibited in honour of their demons.—If by their demons you mean, as they did, their gods, you are *right* enough. And where could they better

employ it? To these people you would surely permit *some* religious worship; but you will insist that they all ought to have been christians, though dead before Christ came into the world.

That pagans, who had no regard to virtue, abominated Theatres, as seminaries of vice.—Who were these pagans? And when and where did they live?

That the diversions of the stage, though at first encouraged, were afterwards discountenanced by the Greeks and Romans. —Just the contrary is true. Plays were in such estimation in Greece, that the exhibition of the tragedies of Sophocles alone cost the Athenian state more than the whole Peloponesian war; and the profession of the stage was at that time so far from contemptible, that even their ambassadors were selected from the body of the players. They were not, indeed, in equal repute at Rome; for the same reason that, in the decline of the empire, the practice of the bar fell into disgrace; because the professors of both became mercenaries; but still the dramatic authors had a Scipio, a Lælius, a Mæcenas,

an Augustus, for their patrons; and to sum up all these names in one, the actors had a Cicero for their friend.

The Romans were so far from ever discountenancing dramatic performances, that one of the fathers you have quoted, St. Augustine, observes, that four hundred and thirty-six years after Christ the Theatres began to be closed in the great towns of Italy, owing to the incursions of the Goths and Vandals. *Nisi fortè hinc sint tempora mala, quia per omnes civitates cadunt Theatra.* And Cassiodorus, who wrote A.D. 520, almost a hundred years after St. Austin, mentions in several of his letters, that the Theatres were still open at Rome, so that in all probability the playhouses were not totally shut till the sack of Rome by Totila: then indeed, when the wives and children of the patricians were compelled to beg their bread at the doors of their own palaces, plays, players, arts, sciences, and even the Roman name, sunk in one universal ruin.

In conjunction with Colier and the other *virulent* declaimers against the stage, you

seem to lay infinite stress on the authorities of those fathers who have condemned it; without once considering where they lived and when they wrote. Clement wrote in 192, Chrysostom in 354, St. Augustine in 436; all of them in Italy, when their followers were few, and those too newly converted. Feasts instituted in honour of the heathen gods were undoubtedly not only very indecent, but very dangerous sights for christian converts; they might have revived an affection for their ancient rites: but what is all this to us? we have not the same dangers to apprehend. I never heard that Mr. Garrick sacrificed to Pan, or Mr. Rich danced a jig in honour of Cybele. The former gentleman has indeed, it is said, dedicated a temple to a certain divinity called Σχαιστιας, before whose shrine frequent libations are made, and on whose altar the fat of venison (a viand grateful to the deity) is seen often to smoke; but these profanations never entered the Theatre, nor do I believe that any of the players ever assisted at the sacrifices; so this

must be considered as a mere piece of personal superstition, for which the man, and not the profession, is accountable.

You say, Salvian, a Bishop of Marseilles, in the fifth century, forbids his flock to enter a Theatre, because Venus is there worshipped; places for exercise, for there Minerva is adored; the Circuses, because homage is paid to Neptune; the Amphitheatres and wrestling places, for there Mars and Mercury are honoured. And so, Sir, this is a reason why I am not to go to Drury-lane playhouse, Broughton's, the Riding-house, or in a sculler to see the naval contention for Dogget's badge, where those heathen names were scarce ever heard. Let us suppose the following dialogue to happen between the father of boxing and a lover of the art:—

Mr. Broughton. I would attend Slack and the Nailer to-morrow, but I am told by my spiritual director, that you have a particular veneration for Mars.—Who! I, Sir? I assure your honour it is a confounded lie, let who will have told you so; for as I

hope to be saved, I never heard of the gentleman's name in all my life! What! is he to stand for Westminster?

You may call this ridicule, but is it not reason? Can any proposition be clearer than that the prohibition of the Roman Theatres to the primitive Christians, has no more relation to our playhouses, than to a horse-race at Barnet, or a ball upon my Lord Mayor's day. Besides, at the time these fathers lived, Rome's fire and genius were extinct: like the walls of Troy, scarce the ruins remained. The arts began to decline, after the illustrious age of Augustus: they shone a little, it is true, in the reign of Trajan; but like the last efforts of an expiring taper, they gave one blaze to sink for ever, completing their countryman's poetical prophecy:

"Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem."

But what, my good Sir, was the practice of the several religious societies after the

revival of letters? Were not the most interesting passages of the Old and New Testaments converted into plays? and did not their scholars perform them? their Directors wisely judging, that the useful blended with the pleasing, would be more readily received, and make a deeper impression, than a set of didactics delivered with dryness and enforced with severity.

But to bring this matter to a short issue.—Dramatic poetry was, without doubt, originally good. Tragedy was intended to purge the passions; comedy, to correct the follies of mankind. That these ends have been frequently neglected or mistaken, I shall readily grant; but what institution, human or divine, has not been converted by bad men to bad purposes? I wish we had not a notorious instance before us. Men have been drunk with wine: must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out, as occupa-

tions for the idle, and relaxations for the active. All that sound policy can do is, to take care that such only shall be established, as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence; and where these can be found in a greater degree than at the Theatres, I believe it will not be very easy for you to point out.

I shall not enter into a dispute with you upon the principles delivered at the Tabernacle. Your forms are above my comprehension; and indeed, I believe, your own. When we want an explanation of *regeneration*, the *new birth*, and that strange kind of spiritual commerce which you pretend to carry on with superior invisible agents, you refer us to feelings which, as we never experienced, we can never understand; and to acquire those feelings, and yet preserve the right use of our senses, would be almost as easy as *cum ratione insanire*.

But though we do not feel the force of these mystic doctrines, the miserable effects are obvious enough. Bedlam loudly proclaims the power of your preacher, and

scarce a street in town but boasts its tabernacle; where some, from interested views, and others, (unhappy creatures!) mistaking the idle offspring of a distempered brain for divine inspiration, broach such doctrines as are not only repugnant to christianity, but destructive even to civil society. Pray, Sir, who among you are the *Antinomians** ? Are the doctrines of that sect the tenets of the Tabernacle? In vain are human laws instituted to guard the lives and properties of individuals, if a religion be tolerated which makes it a merit to deprive them of both. The greater crime you commit, the greater glory you give to God; the virtue of the blood of Christ being rendered meritorious in proportion to the greatness of the offence it is to expiate.—This very opinion I received, as the sound sense of the gospel, in the village I now write from. A lady, with a fortune not inconsiderable, and with intellects not contemptible, having

* A sort of christian heretics, who assert that good works do not further, nor evil works hinder salvation; *for* that the *child of grace* cannot sin.—E.

here fallen a victim to the villainous practices of a methodist teacher. It was this lady's hard fate, and not the cause you suggest, that first determined me to lay siege to the Tabernacle. We have broke ground with success, and I make no doubt that when our heavy artillery comes up, we shall soon carry the place. But to accelerate our approaches, it will be necessary to silence your last battery; for which reason I shall proceed (metaphors apart) to examine your charge of profaneness or blasphemy against me.

This accusation you support, by producing several abominable expressions, as you call them, from the character of *Mrs. Cole*, which you say are fit only for the mouth of a devil. Why, they do come from the mouth of a being very little better than the devil; but for those, she or her teachers are answerable, not your humble servant; these are her words, not mine. Would you have a mirror reflect beauty from deformity? I do my duty, if the copy is a faithful transcript of the original; and of that the public are judges. The plain points to be deter-

mined are these—Is there such a character in nature as *Mrs. Cole?* This granted—Is that character a proper object for the stage? If a detection of the most consummate hypocrisy, and guarding the most innocent and unsuspecting part of the creation from the crafts and subtleties of the most artful and designing, be of use to society, no object is so proper.

But then the words *providence, regeneration, grace, new birth,* should they be spoken upon a Theatre?—Why not? Though the abuse of these words may (as it is intended it should) cast an odium on the character that misapplies them; yet surely no dishonour is reflected on the words themselves, or the ideas they represent. Does any man condemn Ben Jonson for giving his hypocritical saints tribulation, and Annanias the language of the Scripture, though employed in a work diametrically opposite to the sense and spirit of the Scripture?

But to ridicule what is said in a church! And why not, if what is said there deserves ridicule? Is it a crime to pick a pocket at church? Its being at church is an addi-

tional reason why a man should not have done it; but it is no argument why he should not be punished for doing it.

Yet pray, why are the persons of methodists more sanctified than those of quakers, and other dissenters from the established church? Why their expressions more sacred? Yet the latter have found their way to the stage.

But if words, which are the mere arbitrary marks of things, are by any use so consecrated as never to be produced but in a particular service, what apology can you make for your principal, whose conversation is an eternal prostitution both of words and things? If profaneness consists in idly mentioning the Supreme Being, what offender must he be who makes him a principal agent in the most trifling common occurrences? If he is bit by fleas, he is "buffeted by Satan!" If he has the good fortune to catch them, "the Lord will subdue his enemies under his feet!" But as no words but his own can do him equal justice, I here present the public with a genuine letter, transmitted by him to town on his last expedition to Edinburgh.

To M. I. C. C. H. C—n C——ss.

"DEAR FRIEND IN THE SPIRIT,

"IN my last, from Alnwich, I informed thee how graciously our good God had dealt with his servant. From thence I journeyed on to Berwick, but was sorely afflicted on the road. My mare, thou knowest, is an easy beast, yet most grievously was I chafed and galled; and I said within myself, —'This is the devil's doing, but the Lord will not suffer him to prevail against me:' and it happened accordingly; for behold! at an apothecary's in the next village I miraculously got a plaister of diaculum, which healed all my sores.

"At Berwick I sojourned with Rebecca Grunt, one of the faithful, and a fishmonger; and, like Martha, she ministered unto me; as it is said, "If I minister unto you spiritual things, shall ye not also minister unto me carnal things?" Salmon pickled we had for supper, on which the Lord enabled me to feed most plentifully.

"Much oil did I eat with my fish, and wine did I drink after it: wine maketh the heart glad, and oil giveth a cheerful countenance.

"Then laid I me down to rest, but was cruelly buffeted by the Prince of darkness in a dream. Methought the Tabernacle, which my own right hand had planted, suddenly took fire, neither was there water any where to be found. Then was I much vexed, and my spirit was grieved within me; and I heard a voice cry unto me, Arise!—" (here some words occur that decency forbids me to transcribe); "even as Sampson destroyed the army of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, so shalt thou quench this devouring flame; even as I was commanded, so did I; * * * * * * * * * * at the noise thereof I awoke, and found it was but a dream; for * * * * * *. Then I knew for a truth that it was the contrivance of the father of lies; for Rachael, the wife of my bosom, can testify it is not my wont so to do.

"Thine, in the fulness of spirit."

I shall make no comment on this epistle; of its authenticity the style is a sufficient evidence.

I think I have by this time, Sir, pretty

well obviated all your remarks, critical and christian. Your question as to the quantity of wealth your friend may have amassed; he is, I believe, too cunning to let any body into that secret: but from your computation of males fit to carry arms who are listed in his service, and the price they are well known to pay for admittance into even the gallery of *his* Theatre, I should suppose his annual income must double the Primate's. To this may be added private benefactions and occasional contributions; the proportion of this that he allots to the poor, who, but himself, can discover? Some specious ostentatious acts, which it is a prostitution of the word to call charity, are the mere tricks of his trade, the baits, the springs. If he is so disinterested a minister, why did he not continue in his mission at Georgia? there he might have reaped a plentiful spiritual harvest. Butler has given a reason for another order of men, which, with a very little alteration, will do for him:—

"No Jesuit 'ere took in hand
To build a church on barren Land."

I shall not animadvert upon the pretty copy of verses with which you have closed your pamphlet; though, for decency's sake, if you are a minister of the church of CHRIST, I hope you are not impious enough to chaunt such compositions as this in your places of worship, by way of giving Glory to GOD. There is a place, you say, where saints shall enjoy

"Eternal rest, an active, blissful state,
Joys ever new, transporting, ever great."

I hope, Sir, in this paradise of your own manufacture, you will allow your saints, after their "*active rest*," a sup of *dry drink*, and let them just take a *waking nap*, by way of a little *fatiguing refreshment*. The climax too in your next line is extremely happy; joys, not only "*transporting*," but "*great*."

But this is a trifle to what occurs in the progress of your poem. You there make a conveyance to your disciples of certain seats, which you pretend to have in the realms above; and you promise them not only a good neighbourhood of patriarchs, *apostles*, and martyrs, but that the Tottenham teacher

himself shall certainly settle among them. This puts me in mind of what happened at a certain place, in summing up the evidence against a libeller of the revolution. "The prisoner has dared, gentlemen, to vilify even the revolution, gentlemen; a measure, gentlemen, visibly begun, conducted, and completed, by the peculiar interposition of divine *Providence;* and not only that, gentlemen, but confirmed by *act of parliament.*"

Your two next lines, and the last I shall meddle with, are,

> "In lofty strains, which angels cannot sing,
> There saints shall praise their Priest and heavenly King."

And why cannot the angels sing the strains? Perhaps they are of your own composing; otherwise, we are told, that to sing praises was one great purpose of their creation. But I forget, these are your own angels too; and it is only reasonable that you should people your paradise.

Fie upon you! Are not you ashamed to *cajole* a parcel of ignorant mechanics into a

belief, that by chaunting such inexplicable nonsense they are performing a sacrifice of praise agreeable to the great Author of their being? You a religious reformer! Are these the proofs of your mission?—You don't doubt that I shall have a call. In the mean time, let me give you one, repent; and, by way of atonement and mortification, summon your misguided flock; reveal your impious frauds, and restore the poor deluded people to their senses and their proper pastor. But if you will still persist, I must, after your example, conclude with wishing that those teachers among you, who are mad, were confined closely in Bedlam, and those who are wicked were lodged safely in Bridewell; and then, I think, the public would get rid of you all. But while you continue triumphantly at large, spiritualized and divine as you may boast yourselves, I shall still take the liberty to follow you as the boy did Philip, with a loud memento, that "you are merely men."

COPY OF THE

ORIGINAL LICENSE

UNDER WHICH

FOOTE

HELD THE

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

GEORGE the THIRD, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., to all to whom these presents shall come greeting: Know ye, that we for divers good causes and considerations us thereunto moving, of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and in our motion, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs, and successors, do give and grant unto our trusty and well-beloved Samuel Foote, of the parish of Saint Martins in the Fields, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., from the twenty-fifth

day of June, in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six, and to continue for and during the term of the natural life of the said Samuel Foote, full power, license, and authority, to gather together, form, entertain, govern, privilege, and keep a company of comedians, for our servant to exercise and act between the fifteenth day of May and the fifteenth day of September in every year (except on Sundays, and at such times as the Chamberlain of our household shall judge it proper and expedient, either on account of mournings or otherwise, to stop performances on the stage), such tragedies, plays, operas, and other performances on the stage, only as have already been or shall hereafter be licensed by the Chamberlain of our household, within the house commonly called or known by the name of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, or within any other House or Theatre, built or to be built, where he the said Samuel Foote can best be fitted for that purpose within the City of Westminster, or within the liberties thereof;

which said company shall consist of such members as the said Samuel Foote shall from time to time think meet. And we do hereby for us, our heirs, and successors, grant unto the said Samuel Foote full power, license, and authority, to permit such persons at and during the pleasure of the said Samuel Foote, from time to time, within the time aforesaid, to act plays and entertainments of the stage of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same. Nevertheless, under the regulations hereinafter mentioned, and such other as the said Samuel Foote, from time to time, in his discretion shall find reasonable and necessary for our service. And we do hereby, for us, our heirs, and successors, further grant to him, the said Samuel Foote as aforesaid, that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Samuel Foote to take and receive of such persons as shall resort to see or hear such tragedies, plays, operas,

or other performances on the stage, such sum or sums of money as either have been accustomably given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable, by the said Samuel Foote, in regard of the great expenses of scenes, music, and such new decorations as have not formerly been used. And further for us, our heirs, and successors, we do hereby give and grant unto the said Samuel Foote, full power to make such allowances out of the money which he shall so receive by the acting such tragedies, plays, operas, and other performances on the stage as aforesaid, to the actors and other persons employed in acting, representing, or in any quality whatsoever about the said House or Theatre, as he the said Samuel Foote shall think fit: And that the said company shall be under the sole government and authority of the said Samuel Foote; and all scandalous and mutinous persons shall, from time to time, be ejected and disabled from playing in the said Theatre. And for the better attaining

our royal purposes in this behalf, we have thought fit hereby to declare, that from henceforth no representation be admitted on the stage, by virtue or under colour of these our letters patent, whereby the christian religion in general, or the church of England, may in any manner suffer reproach, strictly inhibiting every degree of abuse or misrepresentation of sacred characters tending to expose religion itself, and to bring it into contempt; and that no such character be otherwise introduced, or placed in any other light, than such as may enhance the just esteem of those who truly answer the end of their sacred function. We further enjoin the strictest regard to such representations as any way concern civil policy, or the constitution of our government, that these may contribute to the support of our sacred authority, and the preservation of order and government. And it being our royal will and pleasure, that for the future our Theatre may be instrumental to the promotion of virtue and instruction to

human life, we do hereby command and enjoin, that no new play, or any old or revised play, be acted under the authority hereby granted, containing any passages or expressions offensive to piety and good manners, until the same be corrected and purged by the said governor from all such offensive and scandalous passages and expressions. Provided always, nevertheless, that if the said Samuel Foote do, or shall sell, assign, transfer, or alienate in any manner, to any person or persons whatsoever, our letters patent granted to the said Samuel Foote, that then these presents are, and shall be to all intents and purposes, from the day of such sale, assignment, transfer, or alienation, altogether void and of none effect, any thing herein-before contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding. And these our letters patent, or the enrolment or exemplification thereof, shall be in and by all things good, firm, valid, sufficient, and effectual in the law, according to the true intent or

meaning thereof, any thing in these presents contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding, or any other omission, imperfection, defect, matter, cause, or thing whatsoever to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent.

Witness ourself at Westminster, the fifth day of July, in the sixth year of our reign.

By Writ of Privy Seal,

COCKS.

AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE TRIAL
OF
Samuel Goodere, Esq. & Matthew Mahony,

On the 25th of March, 1741,

For the Murder of Sir JOHN DINELEY GOODERE, Bart. (*Brother to* SAMUEL GOODERE, Esq.), *on board the Ruby Man of War, then lying in King's Road, Bristol**.

THE first witness called was Mr. Jarrit Smith, attorney at law, who deposed as follows:—

"I live on College-green. The Sunday before this murder was committed, the deceased, by my invitation, was to dine at my house the Sunday following; of which the prisoner being apprized, came into the neighbourhood, and having sent for me,

* See the early part of the first Volume, where the consequences of this Trial on the fortune of Foote are explained.

earnestly entreated me to admit him, the prisoner, into the company of his brother, the deceased, under pretence (as the prisoner said) of accommodating their differences in an amicable manner. He was at the College-green Coffee-house. I went to him: and was so pleased with the proposal of the prisoner, and the hopes of their accommodation, that without the least hesitation I immediately introduced the prisoner into the company of his brother, the deceased; and in such a manner did the prisoner behave, that, seemingly, the deceased and he were as good friends as ever. After dinner I withdrew, and left them by themselves for the space of an hour, till I was called in; and after we had smoked a pipe together, Mr. Goodere took his leave of Sir John in the most friendly and affectionate manner possible. I believe it might be near six o'clock in the evening."

The testimony of the next two principal witnesses will be sufficient to exhibit the leading features of this singular transaction.

Charles Bryant.—"I was one of the six men hired by Captain Goodere, the prisoner at the bar, to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him aboard the Ruby man of war, then lying in King's Road. We met by the prisoner's directions at the White Hart, on College-green, where we had a handsome dinner; and were placed in the balcony, that we might be ready to receive the signal, and obey the word of command, without giving the least suspicion to the people of the house. The room we dined in was opposite to Mr. Smith's house, so that we had notice in a minute when it was proper to seize Sir John. About six o'clock in the evening the signal was given: when we left the White Hart, and overtook the deceased just before he came to College-green Coffee-house; where I and five others seized him at the word and command of the prisoner Goodere. We then immediately rushed on the deceased, and dragged him along towards the Rope-walk, where was a gang of twelve more, who were ready to assist

us according to the prisoner's instructions. We then hurried the deceased along towards the Hot-wells, where a boat waited purposely to receive him."

Jones, Cooper of the Ruby, sworn.

Jones.—"Sunday, January the 18th, about seven at night, the Captain brought his brother Sir John on board, and conveyed him down to the Purser's cabin by force. When he was down, the Captain asked, 'whether the cabin was clear?' (for the Thursday before the murder the Captain had ordered me to get the Purser's cabin ready for a gentleman who was coming on board). I answered, 'Yes, Sir:' then he opened the door, and the people of the ship forced Sir John in, he groaning all the while.

'When he was in, the Captain called for his Steward, and told him to bring a bottle of rum and a glass. The Captain then asked Sir John how he did? Sir John complained of pains, especially in his thigh—the Captain asked him 'if he would drink a dram?' Sir John said 'he had drank

nothing but water for two years.' The Captain then asked him 'if he would have any rum to bathe his thigh?' Sir John answered, 'No.' Then the Captain ordered a dram for Mahony and Elisha Cole (the person first designed to commit the murder, but was too drunk for the purpose), and after they had a dram they all came out of the cabin.

"Shortly after this, the Captain called one of the carpenters to put two strong bolts on the Purser's cabin-door, which was accordingly done, when Sir John asked 'if he could speak with any of the officers on board?' the Carpenter made answer and said, 'I am the Carpenter.' Sir John asked 'if he could speak a word with him?' he replied, 'an hundred if he pleased.' Then the Carpenter opening the door in order to clench the staples, Sir John asked him 'What his brother Sam was going to do with him?—What! is he going to murder me?' The Carpenter replied, 'No, he is willing to have your company, Sir; he does it for your good.'—'But,' said Sir John,

'what will become of all my servants and estate all this time?'—On this the Carpenter retired.

"Presently after the Captain came down again, and ordered the Doctor's first Mate to go and feel his pulse, saying, 'We must patch him up as well as we can; he is a crazy old man, go in and feel his pulse.' Accordingly the Doctor went in, and when he came to Sir John, he asked him 'where his pains were?' he answered, 'that he lately came from Bath, and had a pain in his head, and complained of many other pains occasioned by the rough usage he received in hurrying him on board.'—'Poh!' says the Captain, 'feel his pulse, Doctor, and come out:' so accordingly the Doctor came out, and the cabin-door was shut. After this, I heard him begging and praying 'for God to be comfortable to him in his afflictions, for that he believed he was going to be murdered, and hoped it would be brought to light, for that it was impossible it could be done without somebody hearing or seeing it.'

" I then went to bed, when about two or three in the morning my wife waked me, and I heard a vast struggling at first, and the old gentleman crying out, ' Twenty guineas—take it—take it—oh! must I die? must I die?' when very soon after all was quiet. Then a candle was handed into the cabin, and I saw through the crevice of the partition, Mahony hold the candle in his hand, and White plunder Sir John's pockets, turning his body in order to come at them, and then take out his watch and money; but White not getting the watch out of Sir John's pocket easily, Mahony said to him, ' D—mn it lay hold of the chain,' by which they got the watch out. In about a minute after this, I saw a *white hand* on the throat of the deceased, which I took to be the Captain's, when presently all went out of the cabin and left the deceased alone.

" Then I went to the Doctor's Mate and sentry, and by their opinion they took the old gentleman to be dead—from thence I went to the Lieutenant, and told him what

I had heard and seen, and that Mahony and White had murdered the gentleman, and that I believed the Captain was concerned. The Lieutenant was very dubious about this matter at first, telling me 'he did not think the Captain would be guilty of any such thing;' but in giving him such plain demonstrations of the fact, he began to think there was something in it. While they were talking, a Midshipman came to acquaint the Lieutenant that the Captain had ordered White and Mahony ashore, but he swore they should not go ashore, for that they were the two persons who killed the gentleman; but the Midshipman returning to the Captain, he ordered 'that they should be put ashore immediately,' and accordingly they were.

"About nine or ten in the morning, the Lieutenant and Gunner contrived a method how they should secure the Captain, which was, that I should go in and complain that I had lost six guineas out of my chest. Accordingly going in with this complaint, I seized him as he was walking with his hands

behind his back, and the rest immediately rushed in and secured him. Upon the Captain's being thus seized, he cried out, 'Hey dey! what have I done? what have I done?'—I replied, 'Sir, you are my prisoner; you was the cause of your brother's death last night."—The Captain replied, 'If there is murder done in the ship, I know nothing of it.' Accordingly he was secured, and the barge ordered out for four of the crew to pursue White and Mahony. They took White at the Bell, Marsh-street, swearing and damning at his mother for sending him so much money; he was very much in liquor, but was soon conquered, and brought before a magistrate; when he was so drunk, that his confession was not taken till next morning. About twelve o'clock at night they took Mahony at a private house opposite the ship on St. Michael's-hill steps, and carried him before a magistrate, who, when he was sober, along with White made a full confession of the murder, in which the Captain appeared to be the contriver and principal abettor of *the whole.*

The *Captain* being called upon for his defence, pleaded the utmost innocence, alledging, "how it could be thought he could be guilty of the murder of his brother Sir John, whereas by his death he lost at least *forty thousand pounds*—that the sickness and disorder of the house he was confined in, debarred him of his lawyers and friends conversing with him: that he applied to the present Captain of the Ruby, as soon as he was allowed pen, ink, and paper, for his evidences on ship-board, which were Lieutenant Perry, the Doctor, Mr. Robert Haythorn, Mr. Richard Wilson, and Mr. Hugh Driscal: that he had likewise applied to the Lords of the Admiralty, who sent him an order for that purpose, but that the ship sailed the day before it arrived, which debarred him of justifying himself, they being material evidences.

"In vindication of his causing Sir John to be seized in the manner he was, he urged that he was a lunatic, and therefore he did it in order to take better care of him: that his being taken in the day time on board was plain there was no secret design,

or that he was to have any harm come to him; and that even at Mr. Smith's he behaved in a very mad manner, and took no leave: that the people on board knew of his coming a week before, therefore, he said, he must be very silly to bring a person before three hundred evidences to commit so vile an act, where nothing can be a secret above four hours."

The prisoner then called two young women to prove Sir John a lunatic; one of whom believed him to be a lunatic or mad, because he would get up in the middle of the night and disturb the family: and the other, because he would sometimes busy himself in *hanging on the pot*, and other such menial offices.

A gentleman was called to prove that Sir John had made his will several months before:—but being asked concerning the disposition of Sir John, he replied, "that he was a good friend, a loving neighbour, and a kind landlord: and that he was so far from being a lunatic, as to be fully competent to negociate all his own affairs with his tenants, &c."